Moral Tales.: ORIGINAL. REMINISCENCES OF SCHOOL DAYS.
Nora
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Apr 6, 1848; 21, 49; American Periodicals
pg. 193

Moral Tales.

ORIGINAL.

REMINISCENCES OF SCHOOL DAYS.

It was a bright, glorious summer morning, when I left B—— to attend a boarding school in ——.

It was the first time I had ever bade adieu, for any length of time, to the dear circle at home. My father's parting words, my mother's anxious look, and the twining arms of brothers and sisters about my neck, caused my eyes to overflow with tears that I vainly tried to suppress.

But new scenes, and new faces, soon diverted my mind; and at the close of the day, the stage stopped in the beautiful village of——, and we alighted at the boarding place selected by our parents,about half a mile from the Academy.

With a very strange feeling, busy at my heart, I entered a room where I found six or seven young girls of my own age, walking round scrutinizing each other's faces, and trying in vain to make their new abode seem like *home.*

Presently one of them, a merry, rosy-cheeked girl, seated herself by my side, and without the formality of an introduction, said, "You are homesick! you *know* you are, and so am I, and we might as well laugh as cry about it."

She looked so comical when she said this, and withal so kind hearted and good natured, that she was perfectly irresistible to me, and I burst into a hearty laugh. "Do you know," said she, "that I think this is a doleful old house enough, but it is hard if we don't contrive to have *some* pleasure in it, out of school hours, for all that. One thing I can tell you, for your comfort, I've seen the young lady who is to teach our class, and she's as beautiful as an angel—I hope she'll be as good, but here she comes, so you can judge for yourself."

With a slight rap at the door a young lady entered, looking scarcely older than ourselves. Her flaxen hair fell in ringlets over a face and neck fair as an infant's, and as pure; her dress blue as her eyes, well became her delicate complexion.

Smiling and extending a hand to each, she said, "friends already? well, I am glad of that! I came to challenge you to a walk with me, before you had time to get up a fit of homesickness. I trust I am not too late."

We were soon equipped, and walking by her side, through a lovely green lane, overgrown with wild vines, and fragrant already with the breath of early violets. She soon made her a wreath of them, and taking off her hat twined them amid her hair, and well did they grace her delicate beauty. So we wandered on, happy as the birds that sang above us, and as little fearing the future.

I cannot recall that morning, even at this period of time, (and I have since become a wife and mother,) without a gush of tears—but I will not anticipate.

The next day we entered upon our school duties, and Miss Ellen was duly appointed our teacher. She needed not the stern frown of authority to awe us into obedience, for by an irresistible power she had already taken possession of onr hearts. Our most difficult lessons were mastered without complaint, because we dreaded annoying her.

Our number was very large—there were young ladies from all parts of the Union. Some, who, having been too much indulged at home, were sent away for a stricter discipline; some, who, though away from the watchful eye of parental love, still remembered that the *All-seeing Eye* was over them. The grave and the gay, the homely and the handsome, the repulsive and the attractive. For the welfare of each were anxious hearts praying and watching at their own firesides, and to one and all did a *Heavenly* Parent say, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Week after week glided swiftly by, and the summer had nearly passed ere we knew it. Letters had come from our homes to remind us that the dear ones far away had not learned to do without us,—that the merry voice, and bounding step were missed from among them, and many substantial proofs of affection, did we receive, such as hungry school girls know fully how to appreciate. In the meantime the pure, uncontaminated air of the country, and our daily rambles among the *hills,* were imprinting health in most legible characters, on our rosy cheeks, in our sparkling eyes, and well developed limbs.

Our dear Miss Ellen was always the companion of our walks. We loved the other teachers, but regarded them with a feeling of awe, to which we were utter strangers in *her* presence.

One lovely morning, we called for her, as usual, but were told she was not quite well, had lain down, and requested not to be disturbed. Disappointed, we turned slowly away, but consoled ourselves with gathering flowers to present her after school. Alas! alas! how did we find her? Dead! *dead by her own hands!*

The people in the house told us, that, alarmed at not hearing from her, they forced an entrance to her room, and there she lay, as we saw her, beautiful as a dream; one arm thrown carelessly over her head, her sunny hair covering her neck and bosom, and her soft blue eyes closed forever.

The remains of the deadly potion were by her side; no one could form the remotest idea of her motive. We gazed spell-bound on that beautiful face, for not a trace of pain was visible, and yet a shuddering fear crept over us as we gazed. We knew it was not *thus* she should have passed away. Life seemed so full of hope and joy, for one so bright and loving; *why* should she have rushed *unbidden* into the presence of her God? We had looked upon her as fit for Heaven, had she, with suicidal hand, forever shut herself against that golden gate? Or had reason wandered? and overpowered by some dreadful vision, did she rashly "break the golden bowl, and loose the silver cord?" Eternity alone may tell. Our affection for her, prompted us to send in a request that she might be buried from the village church, where we all worshipped; but our gray haired pastor, solemnly laying his hands on our heads, while the tears poured down his cheeks like rain, (for *he* too knew and loved her,) said, "my children, *she died the death of a suicide.* God only knows, whether she did it in possession of her reason, but as *His* minister, I feel that I must deny your request."

With breaking hearts, we laid her down to rest, and heaped the dust upon that lovely face and form, now insensible alike to our affection and our sorrow.

It was hard for us again to resume our school duties; we missed the whispered word of encouragement, the smile of affectionate welcome, the beaming eye of love;

and we were not sorry when the close of the term came, and we were all to leave a place so full of sad associations, to join again the loved home circle. NORA.

MORALITY.: RUNAWAY MATCHES. Romance in Real Life.
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Dec 22, 1837; 11, 32; American Periodicals
pg. 127

MORALITY.

From the New York Evangelist.

RUNAWAY MATCHES.

We extract the following account for the purpose of illustrating the danger of all clandestine matrimonial alliances. The influence of novel reading in this respect, has been particularly injurious. The ardent, youthful female is often interested in the case of some beautiful and accomplished being, whom she imagines the fac simile of herself, who, against the will of some cruel parent or guardian, has formed a splendid attachment to some youth of poverty and excellence, who afterwards turns out to have been a man of high rank in disguise, and in the pride, triumph and glory of the result, the novel-reading young lady forgets the danger of an elopement, and imagines secrecy in the bestowment of her affections, essential to the genuineness of an engagement.

The practice of encouraging addresses that are secret every young lady should despise. Nor should she indulge an awakening affection at all, till she knows the character of the man addressing her. If she marry him against the judgment of her male relations, she runs a fearful risk. Let her remember that when a stranger becomes a transient resident of a place, it is only men who can trace his character with certainty. A young lady should not venture in this matter away from her friends. If, in the case below, the young lady, whose beauty, intellect, &c. is probably a little exaggerated, had hearkened to the advice of her friends, or at least deferred the marriage a little longer, she would have been saved this heart-breaking result. But we go back to our original remark.—Let our young ladies avoid all clandestine management in this most delicate and important subject. Let them understand and know, that the world is wicked. Let them stand high in their own esteem, by purity of affection, and unvarying propriety of deportment. They will find this self-respect their strongest guard, and the young man who will not perceive in it an additional charm, is not worthy of them.

From the Cleveland (Ohio) Daily Advertiser.

Romance in Real Life.

An incident has lately come to our knowledge in this city, which goes to verify the correctness of this remark. Some days since, a gentleman arrived in Cleveland, in pursuit of a fugitive debtor; and having here learned that the runaway could probably be found in Detroit, went on in pursuit of him to that place. He there discovered the object of his search, and with him a very beautiful and interesting young female, who was living with him as his wife. Knowing that he had a wife residing at the east, our friend was somewhat surprised at this new accession to the domestic circle of the fugitive, and still more so, when she assured him, in a manner too sincere and innocent to leave room for a doubt, that she had been legally married to the person with whom she was found. Not troubling himself, however, at the time, with an inquiry into the matter, the creditor arrested his debtor, and brought him to this city, where he was lodged in jail. Hither the lady followed him, and here the circumstances were disclosed, which have doomed a pure young creature to a broken heart, and will probably terminate in her early death, or a life more horrible than the grave.

From the information we have received, and it is furnished us on unquestionable authority, it appears that M. A. J. the lady of whom we have spoken, was an inmate of a boarding school, at Lewiston, U. C. when she became acquainted with the man to whom she was afterward married.

She was an orphan, and it is said inherited a large fortune, which was under the care of an uncle, her guardian. Delicately bred, and ignorant of the world, it is not a cause of wonder that her feelings were strongly tinctured with romance. She was young, too, only sixteen; and in addition to extraordinary beauty, possessed of every accomplishment of intellect and education. The villain who deluded her was introduced to her relatives as a gentleman of standing and respectability, and by his personal graces and consummate tact, was well calculated to win the affections of an inexperienced and unsuspecting bosom.

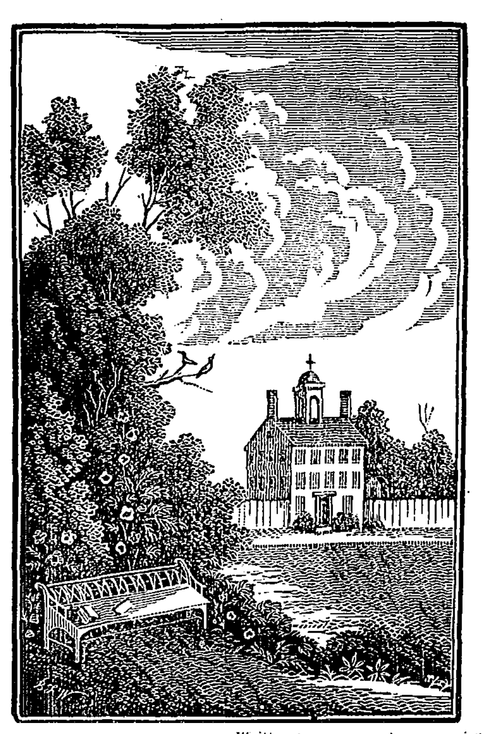
Unable to accomplish his object by any other means, he proposed marriage, and contrary to the earnest remonstrances of her uncle and friends, she listened to his entreaties, and finally eloped with the fascinating stranger, to whom she was married in Detroit. It was not until her arrival in this city that she discovered the fatal secret of her husband's former marriage. The person who gave her the information states, that he never beheld a more heart-rending scene. The conviction that she had been duped by him upon whom she had placed her heart's richest affection, with whom but a moment before she had expressed her willingness to die in a prison, together with the thought that she was not his wife, produced an alternate struggle between pride and love, such as can only be understood by those who have learned its horrors by experience. Nature, ever kind to its tenderest flowers, left Miss J. long insensible to her fate. Another, and perhaps little less bitter affliction, was in reserve. The unprincipled villain had circulated far and wide, a report that they had never been married, and that she was only one of the many whose love he had won without the ceremony of legal union. This story, too, reached her ears, and the conviction of its truth gave another & deeper pang to her wounded spirit.

For him she had given up all—the home of her fathers, the associates, of her childhood, the friends she loved—and how had the wealth of her heart been repaid? He, for whom all had been sacrificed, determined on a still farther sacrifice of her only remaining treasure—her good name; and by a pitiful and malicious falsehood, endeavored to complete the ruin his arts and wickedness had devised.

In the meantime, the author of her sorrow and disgrace, having procured his liberation from prison, has gone we know not whither, and escaped for a while the consequences of his offence. But though the law, tardy and utterly impotent as it is in matters of this kind, may be ineffectual to inflict upon such a being the punishment his crimes demand, there is an avenger in his own conscience, if there is one spark of humanity yet left, which, sooner or later, must award him a retribution more fearful than any human tribunal can dispense.

Miss J. contrary to the orders of her physician, who considered her removal in the present state of her health hazardous, has returned to her home in Canada. Poor girl! If sympathy can heal the wounds of the spirit, no honest heart will refuse her the balm of its pity and compassion.

SCHOOL DAYS.
H
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Feb 16, 1838; 11, 40; American Periodicals
pg. 157



Written for the Youth's Companion.

SCHOOL DAYS.

How well do I remember our old boarding school! There it stands, and in front of it is the pleasant settee beside the rose bushes, with the books lying on it, where I have so often sat with a dear schoolmate or friend, while the birds sang around us, and all nature looked as fresh and beautiful as if just from the hand of its Creator. Many, many years have passed since then. I am now a wife and mother; and when I look back and think of the precious hours I then trifled away, when I should have been improving the talents that God has given me, I feel many a pang of regret, mixed with my pleasanter associations. But I was young and thoughtless, and looked only to the enjoyment of the present moment. In this I was not alone. The greater proportion of those around me were quite as regardless of the future. Among my schoolmates there were, of course, all varieties of mind, as well as person; and I chose for my intimates those who were most sprightly, gay and careless. I forgot all my mother's parting cautions about the choice of my friends; considered study an irksome task, though I had too much pride to neglect it, so far as to bring me into disgrace with my teachers.

Now and then an affectionate letter from my parents, whom I sincerely loved, would recall me to a sense of my duty. It was on one of these occasions, as I was sitting on that little settee you see in the picture, with an open letter in my hand, thinking how foolishly I was misspending my time, that I heard a light footstep near me. I turned my head, half ashamed of the tears that still lingered on my cheek, and met the mild, inquiring glance of a schoolmate whom I had always taken great pains to avoid. She was an orphan, dependent upon some kind friends who had sent her there for her education. We had given her the name of "*the Lily.*" She was quite as fair and delicate and fragile as that sweet flower, and like it too shrank from observation, and was as unobtrusive and humble. Many a bright flower in our human garden would attract the stranger's eye sooner than our sweet Lily; but those who had *once* noticed could never forget her. Yet, her sweet pale countenance, mild blue eyes, and golden ringlets were the least of her charms. She had also the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God is of great price." In a word, she was one of those whom the Saviour loved.

I have just said that I had always avoided her; and though I condemn myself in the confession, I frankly own that *this* was the reason. Every time I met that sweet mild glance, turned on me in my moments of folly, it seemed to say, "Remember *now* your Creator." My conscience reproached me, and all my mother's parting, but disregarded counsels would rush through my mind. How then could I feel easy in her presence. On the occasion above alluded to, I rose hastily, with a flushed cheek, and impatient gesture, and was walking quickly away. Lucy followed me, and in her sweetest tones, begged to know if I was ill or had heard bad news from home. I answered her somewhat rudely, and was once more turning away, when I saw *her eyes filling with tears*, and met again that sweet compassionate look. It was more than I could bear. I threw my arms about her neck, and confessed all. I told her that I was very, *very* unhappy, even in my most frolicksome moments; that I was conscious of wasting my time and neglecting all the kind counsels of my parents; but I knew if I altered my course of conduct my companions would laugh at me, for I had always been the leader in all their mischievous frolics; and alas, but too often, joined them in speaking lightly of serious things. She kissed me tenderly and said, "Yet, dear Ellen, you *must choose*. You must decide for yourself which is the most *deserving* of your love. *Your* companions, or the "*Friend of sinners.*" Which loves you best? The favor of *which* will make you most *truly* happy? And oh, dear Ellen, *how ungrateful* is it to forget a Being to whom we owe every blessing we ever have, or ever shall enjoy. If you only knew the sweet peace of loving him and trying to keep his commandments, you would not, *could not* hesitate, one moment. This dear Saviour whom you slight is *my all*. He is father, mother, brother, sister, *all* to me. When *my* father and mother forsook me, then *He* took me up. You have still these dear parents to watch over you and guide you; but *He* loves you better than they all. Will you not love *him*, dear Ellen?" My heart was full, and I could only answer her by tears. But that conversation I *never forgot!* In a week from that day our sweet Lily was transplanted to a more congenial soil. *She bloomed in the Paradise of God.* I never bend my knees in prayer, but I bless her God and my God for that gentle hand that so sweetly turned my footsteps from the broad road of death, into the strait and narrow way to eternal life. H.

Learning.: THE BASKET OF PEACHES.
H H
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Oct 11, 1855; 29, 25; American Periodicals
pg. 99

Learning.

THE BASKET OF PEACHES.

Half a century ago, that excellent man, the Rev. William Woodbridge, established in the town, now city, of Newark, a boarding school for young ladies. His residence was on the upper Green, in a large stone building, afterwards the property of A. Dey, Esq., and attached to the house was a large deep garden, well filled with fruit trees.

The venerable preceptor could sit in his back parlor, and while unobserved, have a tolerably good view of the entire garden, and of all the young ladies who delighted to frequent it. He was greatly pleased to see his young and joyous flock of charming girls gambolling under the trees and enjoying the beauties of nature when robed in the glories of early summer, and he did not fail to improve every opportunity to enforce some valuable truth.

It was about midsummer that he noticed one luxuriant peach-tree laden with green fruit so plentifully, that the boughs were bowed down under its weight. He naturally supposed that the beautiful tinge upon the ripening peach might tempt his young friends to taste of the fruit before it was fully ripe; and one lovely afternoon, just before sunset, he called the young ladies into the parlor and kindly and affectionately expostulated with them on the danger of eating unripe fruit, and he promised that those who refrained from plucking the green fruit, should have it all when matured. Each bright and happy face yielded a full assent to this reasonable proposition, and ran down into the garden with unwonted delight.

This tree in particular was an object of great attention, and the warm days of summer were fast preparing for this happy throng a delicious feast. They daily watched its progress towards maturity, and manifested sometimes no little impatience.

The venerable minister and teacher, as he sat in his back parlor, and as the peaches were fast approaching to maturity, could sometimes see the uplifted hand of some young lady plucking the forbidden fruit. He however said nothing until the time arrived when the peaches were perfectly ripe. He had the fruit carefully gathered, and the very choicest of it filled a large basket.

He placed it in the back parlor and called in all the young ladies, and took occasion on exhibiting it, of enforcing the propriety of his former injunction, and assured them of the gratification it now afforded him of presenting to them a basket of delicious fruit fully ripe; and requested those who had not plucked any green peaches from the tree, to come forward and partake bountifully of the large supply.

To his surprise, all remained motionless except one little girl. She, with a gentle step approached the venerable teacher. "My dear," said he, "have you not eaten a single peach?" She laid her little hand upon her breast, and sweetly replied, "*Not one, sir.*" "Then," said the excellent man, "the whole basket full is yours."

The happy girl took them and made distribution among all her school-fellows. How pure the joy which flows from obedience, and how pure its reward! H. H.

NARRATIVE.: THE BENEVOLENT CHILDREN.
Companion, Child's
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Apr 15, 1842; 15, 49; American Periodicals
pg. 193

NARRATIVE.

THE BENEVOLENT CHILDREN.

It was just such a summer's evening as makes young and old feel happy, when Cecil, with a little cane in his hand, and his sister, dressed in her white frock, went their walk together. Cecil had lately come home from a boarding school, for the holidays, and was all life and spirits; he loved his sister, and his sister loved him. Being happy in themselves, every thing they saw in their walk pleased them, especially the flowers.

I have often wondered why so many flowers should grow on the earth for they are to be found almost everywhere. The heath-flower abounds on the mountain and the moor; the daisy adorns the mead; the primrose, and cowslip, and daffodil, are found in the dell, the coppice, the dingle, and the knolly in the field; the brier-rose beautifies the hedges; the shady bank is made fragrant by the violet; and the brink of the watery ditch is garlanded with the wild convolvolus.

There are myriads of flowers that human beings never gaze on; the blackbird, the thrush, the wagtail, the robin, and the wren, the field-mouse, the grasshopper, the sharded beetle, the lady-bird, the spider, and hosts of insects, have them to themselves. God is good to them in giving them flowers; but if God is good to the bird and the insect, he is especially good to us in scattering flowerets in our paths.

Our outward life requires them not,
Then, wherefore had they birth?—
To minister delight to man;
To beautify the earth;
To comfort man; to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For He who careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him."

Cecil had clambered a hedge, and succeeded in plucking a beautiful wild rose from a bush that grew there, and his sister had gathered a handful of violets from the bank on the other side of the lane, when they met a little girl, quite a child, walking out with a servant. The little girl looked so wishfully at the flowers, that Cecil directly gave her the rose, and his sister presented her with the violets. Away trotted the little girl, almost as much pleased as if they had given her a new doll.

Soon after this, they saw a lad carrying a bucket of water from a spring. The lad was thin and weakly, with a pale face; and the bucket, heavily laden as it was, kept knocking against his legs, so that the water slopped over into his shoes; he had great difficulty to get along with it any way. Cecil's sister spoke kindly to him, and her brother, taking hold of one side of the handle of the bucket, helped the weakly boy with his load to his father's cottage.

You may say what you will about happiness, but there is no better way to become happy than to make those happy around us. Cecil and his sister had pleased themselves in pleasing the little girl, and still more so in giving assistance to the pale-faced boy; the sky seemed more blue and clear, the sun shone brighter, and the flowers by the way side looked the lovelier in their eyes, on account of the sunshine that was in their hearts.

When they came within a stone's throw of the cottage by the ash tree, they saw at a little distance a poor woman, very neatly dressed, with a child in her arms, sitting on the bank, under an elm. On one side of her lay a basket on the ground, and on the other sat a lad, in a pitiful posture, without shoes and stockings. They walked up to the poor woman, and soon heard a tale of woe that made their hearts ache; it was

the same woman about whom they had heard their father speak kindly at breakfast time.

"You are very kind, my little master and mistress," said the woman, "in taking the trouble to ask any thing about me and mine. Time has been when I was as happy as the day is long; and reason had I to be happy too, for then every comfort was mine, and now—but it is of no use to complain.

"For years after I married him, my husband was a tidy, industrious young man: up with the lark; nothing came amiss to him. He kept close to his work, brought home his wages on a Saturday night, and what was better than all, read his Bible, and spent the Sabbath like a Christian man.

"When I had three children, and my mother lived with us, my husband supported us all; he took a pleasure in seeing us happy; but this state of things was not to last. He fell in with some new companions who scoffed at the Bible, sneered at the Sabbath, and mocked at religion.

"It is an awful course to listen to those who despise holy things; I see it now clearer than ever. No wonder, when we turn our back on God, that he should leave us to our sin and our folly! I feel now, that I did not act the part which I ought to have acted. Instead of doubling my attention to holy things, reading my Bible more; and being oftener on my knees, I suffered my poor husband's bad conduct to make me careless. He was led astray by little and little, from bad to worse, till he took the lead among his wicked companions. So long as we fear God, we need fear nothing else, except sinning against him; but, when we despise his commandments, we have reason indeed to tremble.

"Hardly any work did my husband do at the last, and hardly any of his wages did he bring home to us; he was an altered man, and poverty came fast upon us. It was hard to part with our comforts, one after another; but still harder to have a husband changed into a drunkard and a reprobate. When sickness came into our dwelling, I thought it might bring my poor husband to his senses; but all the sickness and the sorrow in the world, without God's grace, will not alter the heart. My mother and one of my children died, but my husband was no whit the better. I worked early and late; but the harder I worked, the more my husband spent in his ungodly ways. At last he was dragged to a jail, and we are now turned out of our cottage.

"What few sticks of furniture we have, are left with a poor neighbor, while we trudge on a journey to a relation of mine, with the hope that God will incline his heart to help us in our distress. I carry with me a few little things in a basket, to sell as we go along; it is better than begging our way. Should God of his mercy teach my poor husband in a jail the error of his ways, our burden will be light to what it now is, and we shall have reason to thank God for the affliction that hath befallen us."

Cecil and his sister were moved by this tale of sorrow, and not only gave the little money which they had with them, but, learning that the poor woman would pass by their door on her melancholy journey, hastened onwards, and procured for her more substantial relief at the hands of their parents.

It is said in Holy Scripture, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," Acts xx. 35. And surely, when we consider how much inward satisfaction is enjoyed in relieving the wants of the needy, and in the practice of benevolence, we cannot but be struck with the truth of the text, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again." Prov. xix. 17.

[*Child's Companion.*

Learning.: ORIGINAL. THE BOARDING SCHOOL. No. 2.
Hartley, Anna
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Nov 18, 1852; 26, 30; American Periodicals
pg. 118

Learning.

ORIGINAL.

THE BOARDING SCHOOL.

NO. 2.

There is a despair in homesickness, for which there is no consolation. It was a feeling new to me, and I did not know how to bear it. I was perfectly sure that contentment would never take the place of it with *such* surroundings.

As I sat in my lonely room after my arrival, leaning my head on my hands, with the tears streaming down my face, a gentle tap on the door started me.

'Now what shall I do,' thought I, 'my eyes are so swollen with crying I dare not see anybody;' but before I could decide to answer the knock, my little fellow-traveller stood before me. She looked at me with amazement, for though I had been in the house an hour, I had not had the courage to take off my bonnet—and my face told the story of my griefs.

'Come Anna, don't be miserable,' said she, 'you'll get used to this place by and by.' I shook my head. 'Ah, but you will though, I can tell you. I've been away from home before, and know all about it. Come, dry up your tears, and come down to dinner. Did'nt you hear the bell?' 'Dinner!' I exclaimed, 'you don't suppose I could eat any dinner!' 'Well, come with me and try, at least. You must'nt stay here any longer,' and, untying my bonnet, at the same time slipping her hand affectionately round my waist, she drew me along with her down stairs.

Formidable enough it was in my condition, to face a table full of boarders, with the doctor and his wife presiding. However, they were either all too busy, or had too much good sense to notice me, and I took my place with the rest, determined not to disgrace myself any farther, though my heart was swelling too big to make room for my dinner. A plate of fried ham was put before me, which, but for the fumes that issued from the kitchen in its cooking, I should not have mistaken from a piece of sole leather. Unfortunate beginning! I made an attempt at one mouthful, when a thought of the relishing dainties on my mother's table, came over me, and the choking sensation in my throat came on so violently as to prevent all possibility of its going down, I gave it up, and asking to be excused, rushed up stairs to my room, with the settled determination, if I saw the light of another day, that no fear of my parent's displeasure, should prevent its finding me on my way *home*.

My little friend soon found me, and with her sweet face full of sympathy, sat down at my side, and taking me by the hand, did her best to comfort me.

'Now Anna,' she said, there really is no sense in your crying so. Your room, for one thing, is far pleasanter than mine, which is the back side of the house, and one of the windows looks right into a pig sty. I had the pleasure just before dinner of seeing three of its innocent inmates butchered before my eyes. Now you must confess that is not a very pleasant prospect. Then there are three other girls in the room with me, while you are honored by rooming alone. I think it must be because you are a deacon's daughter, that they have favored you so much.' I smiled at this, and replied, 'I do not by any means, consider it a favor. I only wish you could sleep in this high feather bed with me. If I once got into it alone, I shall never find myself in the morning. What were they thinking of?—Why, I'm not allowed at home to sleep on feathers at all. However its no matter, for I shall not stay here, and there is no use in talking about it.'

'Oh yes, you will stay here, and be happy too after a while,' said Helen. 'You are tired now and need rest, after you have had one good night's sleep, you will wake up bright and cheerful. To-morrow morning, we will take a walk before breakfast. The road looks pleasant up yonder, and we will go and see where it leads. There is a high hill beyond, and a lovely grove. Of all things in the world, I do enjoy rambling in the woods, and you will too, when you are feeling happy. Why Anna! I see the sunshine in your face already. Come straighten your things a little, and make your room look inviting, if possible. I suppose you know, there are strict boarding house rules here, about neatness and order in our rooms. There must be 'a place for every thing, and every thing in its place,' to begin with.' 'Oh don't talk to me of rules yet.' said I. 'I've no heart to open that trunk my mother packed so nicely, or to put any thing away.'

Helen seeing the tears start again, said, 'Well, never mind your things now, come with me out into the fresh air, and forget every thing, but that you and I will be friends; and as I am the oldest, I shall have a sort of guardianship over you, and shall let you into all the mysteries of boarding school priveleges and privations. You must'nt expect every thing will be pleasant, or taste as good as at home. We hav'nt come here merely to enjoy ourselves, but *we will* though, and without breaking the rules either. But mind one thing, Anna, homesickness must end here. We can't have any more of that. When we once get into school, and you have got through with the introduction to our tall, slim dignified teacher, don't be frightened now, for let me tell you, she is as clever as she is tall—strict enough, to be sure, but as you have got to begin, and go through all the departments, you may as well start friendly. Make up your mind to like her, and all will go well enough.'

Whether I got over my homesickness, and followed Helen's advice, I will tell my little readers another time.

ANNA HARTLEY.

Learning.: ORIGINAL. THE BOARDING SCHOOL. No. 4.
Hartley, Anna
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Dec 16, 1852; 26, 34; American Periodicals
pg. 133

Learning.

ORIGINAL.

THE BOARDING SCHOOL.

NO. 4.

The first few days, the half mile walk to school, seemed endless, but with Helen for my inseparable companion, and joined by many other girls on the way, it soon grew to be an agreeable feature in the day.

The pleasant good morning from my teacher, was often answered by a bunch of flowers slipped into her hand, that I had picked on my way to school, and many were the tokens of affection, in the shape of fruit and flowers, that found their place upon her desk in recess, where I would softly creep up, and stand at her side, while the rest of my class were amusing themselves together. How it warmed my heart toward her, to feel her soft hand brushing away my curls, or patting me affectionately on the shoulder, as she inquired of me, how I spent my time out of school,—and if all things went on pleasantly at the boarding house.

An invitation from Miss L. to call at her room, on a holiday afternoon, was a very pleasant surprise. I could hardly wait till the time came. The day before, I had received from home, in my weekly box, some rare fruit, which luckily had not been disposed of—this I could carry to her. I thought of a thousand things to say, only one of which did I have the courage to utter

when I got there, that was,—that I hoped I should never know enough to be promoted out of her class! She smiled at this, and replied, that in that case, I should not do her teaching much credit, though she should be very sorry to part with me.

I told her how homesick I had been when I first arrived, and how the kindness of Helen at home, and hers at school, had reconciled me to staying. I spent a delightful afternoon, and left her with the promise that once a fortnight I might repeat the visit.

On my way home, I met my friend Helen, she ran up to me saying, 'Now Anna, you must tell me where you have been. I can guess. I don't like this partiality of your teacher, at all, and if I were in your class, I should rebel. The girls have begun to find out that you are a *favorite*, and it will make you very unpopular in school, I suppose you know. I have had to fight one or two battles for you already, and I advise you to be a little careful in future, at least in the outward manifestations of your affection. Miss L. is a very lovely person, I acknowledge, and I can't blame you for your attachment to her, but it won't do for you to make enemies among the girls, as you surely will if you receive so many favors from her. How came you to go and spend the afternoon with her? Did she invite you?'

'Certainly,' I replied, 'I should not have ventured to go without. I had such a pleasant time, and she is so lovely, not a bit like a teacher in her manners, but just like my own sister. Don't pray tell me there is any harm in my going to see her.'

'Oh certainly not, if all the others may have the same privilege. But there is no use in trying to conceal it, Anna, *you are her pet*, any body with half an eye can see that. The girls say, that when she is hearing a class recite, she waits longer for you to answer, than for any of the rest, and sort of helps you along if she thinks you are going to fail.'

'Now Helen, that is not quite true. I certainly try to do my best to please her, because I love her so much. I study hard, and never will do anything to wrong her, and she knows it. Why should'nt she reward me by kindness? Dear me,' and I drew a long sigh, 'It is the last thing I should have thought, that the girls would get up a jealousy about that. Miss L. does'nt mean to be partial to me, more than another, she is too good for that; but I believe she pities me because I have been so homesick, and she wants to make me happy. Don't say one word against her. You may blame me, if you will, though I can't see that I have done anything wrong. All this afternoon's pleasure is spoiled now by what you have been saying to me.'

'Well, I'm sorry,' said Helen, 'but it is for your good that I've said it. I love you too well to want to hear the girls speak against you. To tell you the truth, Anna, I don't feel in the best humor myself, today. I've been shut up in my room all the afternoon, studying; my head aches, and I feel so strangely, that I really think I am going to be sick. What shall I do? Away from home and my mother?'

'Oh don't be frightened, Helen dear, you are not going to be sick; if you are, we will take good care of you. We are almost home, and there's our good old doctor, right in the house with us, he will give you something to make you feel better.' We hurried home—the doctor was out—had been gone all day. I called his wife up-stairs. She looked anxiously at Helen; felt her pulse, undressed and put her in bed; after administering some potion, which in her motherly experience she thought best, left me to watch her awhile. I had seen very little sickness, and in my ignorance thought my patient would probably be well in the morning; but when the doctor came in, and examined her condition, he gave a different opinion. I heard whisperings in the entry of sending immediately for her parents, and my heart sunk within me. I was advised to go to bed, and a more experienced person took my place as watcher, for, as it proved, poor Helen was indeed in a most dangerous condition, and was not aware whether friends or foes were about her pillow. I left her reluctantly, and most earnestly did I pray that night, that her precious life might be spared; that this 'sickness might not be unto death.'

ANNA HARTLEY.

Learning.: THE BOARDING SCHOOL. No. 5.
Hartley, Anna
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Dec 23, 1852; 26, 35; American Periodicals
pg. 138

Learning.

ORIGINAL.

THE BOARDING SCHOOL.

NO. 5.

The chamber of sickness! with its gloomy light—its tip-toe tread—its hushed voices! all made a deep impression upon me. My poor friend Helen had been removed to the 'spare chamber.' It was the opposite side of the entry. I could just get a peep through the crack of the door, at the pale face of the little sufferer on that curtained bed, and now and then at the anxious faces of her attendants. I could hear the moaning tones, as she wandered in her troubled sleep. I could hear her speak her mother's name, unconscious that she was near, and watching her every breath. Unconscious that she had flown on wings of love to her bedside, as soon as she got news of her illness, with the double grief of her dangerous condition, and absence from her home comforts. I could hear her father's step, as he paced to and fro in the room below, in agonizing suspense, awaiting the crisis of the fever. How long the hours seemed to him—the strong, active, business man, who had left all his interests at home, and with his heart full of sorrow and distress, hastened to his suffering child. A few days might bring him greater suffering—but still he hoped—and waited the event. Now and then, he would go up softly into the room, stand a moment at her bedside, hold her little thin hand in his, then turn and leave her without speaking, with the tears trickling down his cheek and despair written on his countenance. I ventured once to follow him into the parlor. I slipped my hand affectionately in his, and longed to speak a word of comfort, but knew not what to say. He bent and kissed my forehead asking me if I was the little girl Helen had spoken of in her letters home. On my telling him yes, he took me on his knee and we talked a long time. I told him how kind Helen had been to me, when I was so homesick I thought I could not stay another day, that had it not been for her, I should have gone home. He asked me a thousand questions, and seemed never tired of talking about her, for she was his darling only child, and he was afraid he had come there to see her die. I begged him not to say so, for I had not dreamed of such a thing, so ignorant was I of the symptoms of sickness. He told me he had sent for his family physician, and he would be there that night. I hoped everything from that, for I thought he must know more than a country doctor, and I had no patience to wait for his arrival.

During these days of sadness, Miss L., my much loved teacher, was the greatest comfort to us all. Untiring in her attentions, she was always ready to do what nobody else could. With the invaluable faculty of being a good nurse, she was indispensable in the sick room. Her very presence seemed to cheer and sustain the desponding parents. Through her kindness, I was permitted one day to remain in the room for a few moments with Helen upon condition that I only looked at her, without speaking a word. I always had a bunch of flowers ready, that I had begged from neighboring gardens to replenish the vase that stood on a table near her bed. I longed to have her well enough to notice them, to speak one word of affection to me. The days of sickness seemed months. I could'nt study—I could'nt amuse myself in any way. I wanted to be useful—but I was too young to be of much service. I did at last hit upon one expedient. Two noisy boys of the doctors, who were badly governed and always made a great uproar round the house out of school hours, I could beguile into quiet by reading or telling them stories. This was a good thought and all would thank me for it too. On my first trial, I succeeded after much parleying in enticing them into the barn, and seating ourselves on the hay mow, I amused them away from the house awhile; but the restless beings soon got tired of their restraint, and I was at my wits end to devise ways and means of keeping them still. I found I had set myself a hard task. They were both very unruly, but they had redeeming traits of character, and I bore much from them rather than give up my plan. I succeeded in making the them love me, snd that surely was an important point gained. Finally, I had a reward of my labor, gained a certain control over them and was often called upon to help them out of their difficulties and settle their quarrels even when their father and mother were present.

I had counted the hours till the other doctor came. The two consulted together. That night was the turn of the fever: if morning found life remaining, there was hope. And what a night was that! 'No sleep to the eyes nor slumber to the eyelids,' but intense, racking anxiety, for every member of the household.

Worn out with broken rest, a few moments before day break, I had in spite of myself, fallen asleep, when Miss L. who had watched all night, came into my room, and laying her hand gently on my arm, awoke me saying, 'Dear Anna, we hope Helen is reviving, she has roused up and called her mother! Oh can we be thankful?' She may yet be saved;' and falling on her knees at my bedside with my hand in hers, returned most devout thanks to our Heavenly Father for this token for good, and most earnestly did she plead for the precious life. Shall I ever forget that prayer? '*It must be heard*,' thought I. Nothing among all the reminiscences of school days, impressed me like the solemnity of that moment. The sweet submissive expression of her lovely face—the intense earnestness of her tones—the tears upon her cheek—she seemed like an angel, and I *knew* her prayer would be answered.

Each hour brought fresh encouragement, lessened the burden at my heart, and gave new joy to the afflicted parents. After many days of tender care, and faithful nursing, the greatest of earthly blessings health was restored to the loved one. *The prayer was answered.*

ANNA HARTLEY.

Learning.

ORIGINAL.

THE BOARDING SCHOOL.

NO. 6.

It is'nt such a dreadful thing to be sent to a boarding school, after all. Do you think it is Anna,' said Mary Lee, as a parcel of us girls were walking to school, one bright September morning.

'Dreadful' oh no, there is nothing dreadful in it,' I replied, 'nor am I very discontented, but I can't say that I am sorry vacation is coming so soon.'

'Oh, now I remember, you was homesick the first part of the term, but I suppose your home is more attractive than mine. Not than mine used to be, when my dear blessed mother was there,' and the tears started to her eyes, as she said this. 'Nothing could have tempted me to leave home in her life-time; but since her place has been filled by another, everything is so changed, that when my father in the spring told me I was to be sent away to school, I did not make the slightest objection. It was a relief to me to have another change, hoping it might be for the better. Now, girls, don't think I've got an ugly old step-mother, at home, that abuses me, for it is no such thing. She is young and beautiful, and my father almost worships her; you would think so, by the way, he indulges every wish of her heart. She was an only child, and had been very much petted at home—of course she needs it just as much now, and of course, she gets it.

'Our old house, at home,' was entirely made over, and furnished new from top to bottom, on her account. No expense was spared to make it agreeable to her, and every thing since she came, has been done according to her wish.

I was sent on a visit to my aunt's in the country, while all this was going on, and when I got back, I should never have imagined I had been there before. I looked round for the old familiar things—all were gone. My mother's work table, that I left standing in the corner of the parlor, where she always sat, was replaced by an elegant French commode of some new fashion. Her rocking-chair that sat beside it, where I always found her with a smile of welcome when I came in from school—that too was gone! I looked despairingly round for something as it used to be, when last, and worst of all, I turned my eyes to the niche where her loved picture always hung, when what did I see, but the face of a stranger in its place! Beautiful as it was, I could have destroyed it with one blow. This was too much at once, I rushed up stairs to my room, and in a flood of tears, threw myself down on the bed, hid my face in the pillow, miserable enough, I assure you. After I got over my first burst of grief, I looked about my room—the precious things that were my mother's had found a resting place in my little sanctuary, for indeed it became so to me. The picture that I missed from the parlor had retired to the place most befitting it. For this thoughtfulness of my father, I was truly grateful, and when I looked up at those mild beaming eyes, I felt reproved for the anger I had manifested, and the feeling of bitterness towards my father, that I had indulged in. I determined for *her* sake to bury all my unhappiness in my own bosom, that he might never be made uncomfortable by discovering it.

I was too young to understand the need of all this change, and a feeling of jealousy no doubt, was the cause of my unhappiness; for after my mother's death, I had been all in all to my father, he never had wanted me out of his sight. I had been his comfort, his consolation—till another came! Naturally enough, I was not willing to be supplanted. My father was not the less kind or considerate for my comfort, but I was not so necessary to his happiness. I was not needed so constantly about his person, when he was in the house, and in his rides and walks, and unless I particularly wanted to go, it was just as well if I staid at home. My little room that had been beautifully fitted up, soon became the place I was most happy in; there I had my books, flowers, and birds, and having no brother, sister, or companion, I began to love to stay there alone, so much, that my father suspected I was not happy, and proposed my going away to a boarding school. As I said before, I felt that any change would be for the better, and therefore fell in with the plan very cheerfully.

Now, girls, you can understand why, I do not pine for home like the rest of you. I must confess I have not had one homesick feeling since I came. The family I have boarded with, are very clever people, and have done every thing to make me contented. My room-mate I love dearly—she has been like a sister to me, and now she is out of hearing, I will say she is one of the loveliest persons I have ever known. She is so much better every way than I am that she is a constant reproof to me. I have confided all my troubles to her, and she has tried to make me feel that I have shown a wrong spirit about my father's marriage, and made me promise that I will try to be more amiable and conciliating to my new mother, when I go home. I have written to my father constantly since my absence, and have so often spoken of Marion and of my attachment to her, that in his last letter he invited her to spend the vacation with me, won't that be delightful? She has written for permission to go, and if she does, you may all think of me as enjoying my home. But here we are, at the school-room door, and I have talked all the way, about myself. The next time I hope somebody else will be 'spokesman,' at all events it won't be my turn.' ANNA HARTLEY.

Learning.: ORIGINAL. THE BOARDING SCHOOL. NO. 7.
Hartley, Anna
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Jan 20, 1853; 26, 39; American Periodicals
pg. 154

Learning.

ORIGINAL.

THE BOARDING SCHOOL.

NO. 7.

'I'm thankful it did'nt fall to my lot, as it did to yours, to board at the parson's this term,' said Jane Seymore, 'and with all the teachers too! Dear me. Don't you have to 'walk on a crack,' eat and drink by rule, and wear your 'Sunday go to meetin' face' all the time? How did it happen you was so unlucky, Carrie? You certainly have my sympathy.'

'Don't pity me too soon, and I will tell you. You must know, that at home I got the name of being wild and unruly. At two or three schools where I have been, through some ill luck, I was brought into *scrapes* as they call 'em, and been blamed when really I did'nt deserve it; but being found in bad company, it was all the same as if I had been doing wrong; so it was thought advisable to try a boarding school for me awhile, and this one was pitched upon, as being the 'straightest' place known about in this region, and no quarters so safe for wild ones as under the constant eye of the teachers. As if that was'nt enough, I must be placed in a room with one of them!

Now this, at first, was a terrifying idea to me, you may suppose, and I dreaded every thing about the school. I had heard about the preceptress being so shockingly stern and forbidding in her manners, and *such* a time as I expected to have! with their eyes all upon me, both in school and out. But it has proved much better than I expected, for that darling Miss Lambert, that everybody loves, was the teacher appointed to room with me. I was'nt a bit afraid of her when I first saw her, and she is so lovely! If I do wrong, she scolds me a little, but she does it in such a way that I can't love her the less for it. As to my boarding at the 'parson's' as you call him—(by the way, your bump of reverence has'nt been much cultivated. Wild as I am thought to be, I never speak of ministers in that way,) you don't suppose he preaches to us all the week, do you? We have prayers morning and evening, but that I've been used to at home; so *that* don't frighten me any, and really, he is so good and amiable in his family, that I have got quite to loving him.

Now you see, I should'nt be so contented and happy if I was kept under such restraint as you have supposed, and as to my room-mate, I must be bad indeed not to be the better for living with her. I expect this summer to retrieve my character entirely, and she has promised me such a good report to carry home, that it will astonish them all, I'm thinking. And then do you think, I mean to have her go home with me to spend the vacation! for my father feels under so much obligation to her, that he has invited and urged her to come. You know she is an orphan, and has no home of her own, and if it would please her, nothing would make me so happy.

So Miss Jane, you see I am not so much to be pitied after all. I'm sure I should rather board at the parson's than at the doctor's, for what do you imagine they have got up in their garret? A *skeleton*, hanging by the neck! Don't pray open your eyes so wide, as if you did'nt believe me; you may ask Susan Fisk, and she'll tell you all about it. I laughed myself almost to death, when she told me how they found it out. Here she comes; now make her tell you. All I can say is nothing would tempt me to live in that house.'

'Why you silly thing,' said Susan, who, coming up, overheard what was said, 'what are you afraid of? Supposing we have got a skeleton, it is nothing but a parcel of bones strung together on wires, one of the doctor's 'anatomical preparations,' as he calls it. But we girls did get into such a gale about it. One dismal rainy afternoon, we were all sitting in the 'middle room' where we study, and getting tired we thought we should like some fun—some one proposed opening a door that led out of the room into the garret, and looking up the dark staircase, we thought we would just go up there and 'spy out the land.' To punish us for our curiosity, just as we reached the top, all keeping tight hold of each other's dresses, lo and behold! what should we see, but truly, a skeleton hanging in the middle of the garret! Then such a screeching and scampering you never heard. We all tumbled head over heels down the stairs, and made such a noise that the doctor and his wife both rushed up there to see what was the matter. They laughed well at our fright, and advised us in future to keep on our own premises. You may be sure we did'nt venture up there again, and since, have had a sort of superstitious feeling about that 'middle room.' Now girls, did you ever think, that all the men and women we meet in the street, are just such skeletons, dressed up in flesh and blood? How silly it seems to be afraid of dried bones!

Well, I was going to say, the first leisure that our good doctor had, he took us all up garret, and explained why he kept such a 'scarecrow' in his house, and ended with a very useful lecture on Anatomy; and I should'nt wonder if we, who board at the 'doctor's' are wiser than you, after all.

ANNA HARTLEY.

Learning.: ORIGINAL. THE BOARDING SCHOOL. No. 8.
Hartley, Anna
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Jan 27, 1853; 26, 40; American Periodicals
pg. 0_2

Learning.

ORIGINAL.

THE BOARDING SCHOOL.

NO. 8.

Vacation! vacation! Delightful sound —In a few days, and examination would wind up our studying for this term—and *then for home!* I for one, was too crazy with joy to do anything straight. All our leisure moments were employed in writing 'parting notes' to each other, in which we made most affecting promises of eternal friendship, and in leaving our autographs in albums, then so fashionable. Mine to this day has been an interesting reminder of school-days and school-mates, though to my shame be it spoken, the blank leaves are now desecrated, by unsentimental recipes for cooking! How often consequently have my culinary operations been suspended for a few moments to indulge in a reverie of by gone days, when I took up my cookery book and my eye fell on the name of an old school-mate attached to lines like the following:

'When this you see
Remember me!'

Right in the neighborhood of a ginger-bread recipe!

How little I thought when my father sent me at my request, an elegantly bound blank book, with Album, in large golden letters on the back, to be devoted to mementoes from my intimate friends, that any portion of it would ever be set apart to such an ignoble purpose; but 'hard ginger-bread is nice' and so was the ardent friendship of girls of thirteen, some *few* of which have matured into life long attachments. My mischievous cousin must answer for the desecration of the book.

Oh how busy and excited, we all were the last week of the school, and what bright anticipations of being once more, snugly stowed into that dear stage coach, which was to convey us to our happy homes. Shall I ever forget how my heart beat when at last I heard the tramp of horses feet, after sitting half an hour with my bonnet on, nervously fearing I should be forgotten and left behind. 'Good bye! good bye!' was heard in every direction, and bright eyes and flushed cheeks bundled into the coach one after the other,—the driver looking as pleased as any of us; Oh how much shorter the road seemed, than when we came, and how much gladder our hearts were—what a chattering, laughing and frolicking, when just before we got into the city, all broke out in one grand chorus of 'Home, sweet home!' that made the horses prick up their ears at least, and quicken their pace to keep time with our impatience. When we got on to the pavements, how narrow the streets seemed, the houses looked as if they were stepping up to shake hands, with each other, and we had to stretch our necks to get a glimpse of blue sky. But every red brick and paving-stone was dear to me, and at that moment I would'nt have exchanged them, for all the blue sky and green fields in the world.

One more corner to turn, and then the dear old house would be in sight! I did'nt know whether to laugh or cry, and almost dreaded to have the stage stop—but stop it did, without asking my leave, and there were my dear father and mother, watching for me at the window! A moment more and I was—— not in their arms, though stretched out to receive me, but up in a corner of the garden, where I had rushed to hide my head in a seringa bush and cry my joy out. I was allowed to cry there till the baggage was safely deposited, and then led into the house very much ashamed of myself to be sure; but feeling all the better for a few tears escaping.

What a world of things I had to talk about, and how many kisses to give and take back. How many plans for pleasure were laid out; but the *being at home* was happiness enough for me. In a few days I received a letter from my friend Mary Lee, giving me an account of her experiences. It ran as follows:

Dear Anna.—I believe I promised to write you in vacation, and you seemed so sympathising and interested, when I used to talk to you about my affairs, that I will keep that promise. If you remember I did'nt look forward to as much pleasure in going home as you did. I told you the reason—that my home had been made unhappy by my father's second marriage, and I had quite as lief be away from it. Well, now I must give you a pleasanter side of the picture. Marion Walter, my sweet friend and almost sister, got permission to spend the vacation with me, and I may thank her, for all the happiness we have had, for she has taught me to love my new mother, and that was all that was wanting to make my home a delightful one.

You know she used to talk to me about my jealousy of my mother, and tried to cure me of it. When she came here she took a great fancy to my mother, and my mother to her, and accordingly Marion set about smoothing down my prejudices against her, in her own sweet lovely way. She made me cultivate her society; sit, read, and walk with her. My father has been doing every thing he could for our pleasure and enjoyment in the vacation, taking us to drive and sail, and sparing no pains to make us happy he is so glad to see a change in my feelings. He seems kinder to me than ever before.

And what is more delightful than all—I have a piece of news to tell you, which I have kept to the last, I have got a sweet little baby sister, that is the joy of the whole house, and the pet of us all. We all forget ourselves in the joy we have in her. I wish you could see her, such lovely

blue eyes and flaxen hair and such tiny hands and feet. Mother is very indulgent, and lets me hold her when I please. She don't shut me out of the nursery, and hush me all the time for fear of waking her; but allows me to get her to sleep and carry her about, if I like. The greatest trouble I have is the darling sleeps too much. Marion and I, do have such good times. I don't believe your home can be happier than mine is now. I take back all the naughty things I've said, and own that the fault was in myself, and not in my step-mother. Come and see for yourself I must shew you my baby sister and my pleasant home. Good bye. I hope you are as happy as your aff. friend, MARION LEE.

This letter of course gave me a great deal of pleasure, for I was feeling very sorry for those of my school-mates who had a less happy home than mine.

ANNA HARTLEY.

Learning.

ORIGINAL.

THE BOARDING SCHOOL.

NO. 9.

My arguments to the contrary notwithstanding, the second term commencing, found me fairly embarked again in boarding school experience. Not so unpleasant, however, after getting used a little to the 'rough and tumble' of undomestic life. I had been initiated into all the privations and hard usage of boarding houses, and determined to steel myself against any outrage to my feelings that I should encounter. I put on the consequential air of an old scholar, to the new comers; but took care to be particularly tender and kind to those who were unhappy, and discontented, as I had been on my first arrival—so well did I remember, what the same treatment did for me.

My first trial, was finding after my examination, that I knew too much to remain in the class of which Miss Lambert was teacher,—the dear kind friend, who had endeared herself so much to me. Oh how I hated to leave her, and to have her place filled by that stiff, formal, precise Miss Gill, who never had a wrinkle in her dress, or a scowl off her face!

What an impression those stiffly starched dresses of hers, made upon me; that rustled so loud when she moved, and that she was so long in smoothing out before she ventured to sit down—that would look just as clean and unrumpled, Saturday night, as on Monday morning, when she took them fresh from the drawer! And that stiffly plaited, standing-up ruffle, that she wore round her long bony neck; only one a week did she have to put on, so straight did she carry her head, never turning it without letting her body go with it. Her angular movements contrasted strangely in my eyes, with Miss Lambert's graceful, easy motions!

The first imperative rapping from her high desk, with 'Attention, young ladies!' in any thing but a musical voice, after the school was called to order, gave me some idea of her character; convincing me that I should get little coaxing and petting from *her*. No favoritism, no indulgences from that quarter, no beckoning to her desk in recess, for a little friendly chat, no affectionate invitation to her room on a holiday, for me. I should hardly pick flowers on my way to school for *her*, or share with her a nice tit bit, for an excuse to walk home with her from school. She looked as sternly at me as she did at the rest, and my heart sank within me at the thought of being under her supervision all the term.

I flew to Miss Lambert the first chance I got, to unburden my mind concerning her—whereupon, she patted me lovingly on the head, and told me I was very naughty to judge so hastily from a first impression—that Miss Gill was a very estimable person, and I should like her much better upon farther acquaintance: that I must keep my opinion of her to myself, and not say any thing to prejudice the girls against her.

'Well, I never can love her, *never*. She was'nt made to be loved, that I'm very sure of,' I said. 'Hush, hush Anna!' said Miss L. 'I'm afraid I shall never teach you to control your hasty manner of speaking. You will respect and esteem her, and very likely *love* her. We are not all made alike to be sure—some have one kind of attractions, some another, and because she is a little forbidding in her aspect, you should'nt set yourself against her so strongly. I know her well, she is a very pious, conscientious person, and an excellent instructor. If you are attentive, you will no doubt, learn more from her, than you did from me. And now I want you to promise me one thing—that you will suspend your judgement and speech of her entirely, at present. Behave as well as you can, and in a month come to me, and give me your honest opinion of her. By the way, Anna, there is a little girl in my class this term, that reminds me of you, very much, when you first came to me.'

'And you are going to love her, and let her fill my place,' I asked, with a feeling of jealousy coming over me, and drawing a long sigh, I added reproachfully, 'Miss Gill never will take *your* place.' 'How can I help loving her, if she is like you, my dear? She takes no place of yours, only bids fair to fill another in my heart,' said Miss Lambert, drawing me closely to her as she spoke, and leaving a kiss on my cheek, added, 'I should'nt be at all surprised if before the month is out, you and Miss Gill were the best of friends, and you should forget all about your jealousy of little Amy. Come to see me Saturday, and I will make you acquainted with this little scholar of mine, and see if you can discover the resemblance.' 'Oh, may I come?' said I, brightening up; 'but I'm afraid I shan't be pleased with her, if she is like me, for I am very often displeased with myself.' 'That is a good sign, Anna, if you are conscious of your own faults. I must try and help you cure them, for you will never have a better time than this. Be satisfied with nothing short of perfection. If we all adopted that as a motto, and followed it up, the best of us would find we had enough to do.

ANNA HARTLEY.

Learning.: ORIGINAL. THE BOARDING SCHOOL. NO. 10.
Hartley, Anna
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Feb 24, 1853; 26, 44; American Periodicals
pg. 174

Learning.

ORIGINAL.

THE BOARDING SCHOOL.

NO. 10.

'Oh! Anna,' said Rosa Lawrence, bursting into my room all out of breath, 'I am so delighted—there won't be any school this afternoon. What do you think? There is a funeral up at the big house today—you know General Kirby is dead, and all the village people are invited to go. An invitation has been sent also to the Academy for the teachers and scholars, if they would like to attend, and Miss Cranch has dismissed the school. We are all going. It is a lovely walk up there, part of the way through the woods, and such a beautiful day—won't it be 'grand' for us all to go? I have longed to see the inside of that house ever since we came here. His daughters have always held up their heads so high, because their father was the richest man in town, and they could dress and make a show. I never took a bit of a fancy to them; they never have even asked any of the girls to call there, much as we have wanted to see their elegant pictures, and get a chance to walk in those beautiful grounds, and such splendid fruit in their orchard! then that grapery loaded with every variety of grapes! Oh! how my mouth has watered for them as I have walked by! I'm glad Miss Cranch thinks it 'a respect due to the dead that we should in a body, be present at the funeral,' (those were her very words,) otherwise it would'nt be showing proper pride to go, after such treatment from the young ladies. But I believe the 'General' as they call him, has given a great deal of money to our institution, and that is one reason why we should attend his funeral. I'm sure, I for one, would'nt miss of it for any thing,' and clapping her hands, she danced round the room, and catching a look at herself in the glass, added—'but I must get rid of this smiling face, for that won't be very becoming to the occasion, I'm thinking.'

'I was just going to say, that one would suppose, to hear you run on, that it was a *party* in prospect, rather than a *funeral*,' I replied. 'Rosa, how can you speak so lightly of it?'

'Why, we can't be expected to mourn for every body that's dead, Anna. That great stately man, with his grey locks strutting through the village, with his gold headed cane, will be missed of course, and many a time when I have met him on my way to school, has he most condescendingly chucked me under the chin, with a 'good morning, little Miss,' as if he were conferring an honor, that I should remember to my life's end. Now, how can I wear a long face, and shed tears over *him*, as if I were sorry he was gone? He was full of riches and prosperity and as many years to enjoy them, and as my good mother would say, 'If he has laid up his treasure above, it is all well enough,' we need not mourn.'

'But has he not left a wife, and children who love him, and will miss him and mourn for him, every hour in the day?' said I, looking very seriously. 'Have you no feeling of sympathy for them?'

'Oh! to be sure. I was'nt thinking of that. Well, I guess I am sorry for *them*—and should be more so if they had been clever to the girls, and given us some of their grapes.'

'Why, Rosa, you talk worse and worse, and if Miss Cranch should hear you, she would forbid your going this afternoon.'

'For pity's sake don't tell her, then, for as I said before, I would'nt miss of going for any thing in the world. Now to prove to you, Anna, that I wish to shew a proper respect to the family, I shall deny myself the pleasure of wearing my best pink bonnet, and instead of it, put on my simple hat trimmed with white and—'

'Rosa, what a foolish, thoughtless child you are! Just as if any body would notice or care, what you have on; there, run away now, and let me finish my lesson, for it will soon be time to go—if go we must. I never went to a funeral in my life, but I suppose there must be a first time.'

Three o'clock came, the hour appointed for the funeral, and found us school-girls in a procession headed by the preceptress in all her dignity, on our way to the 'big house.' The road leading to it, thronged with foot passengers and carriages. A feeling of awe, came over me, as we neared the house where *death* was. All its grand apartments were thrown open and filled with people. One room up stairs, the 'chamber of state,' contained the mourners. To my childish fancy, the arrangements were very imposing, and some of them strange. In the middle of another room, by itself, was stationed the grand elegant coffin, with its silver nails and showy silver plate, and upon it was strewed instead of flowers, of a later and more agreeable custom, sweet herbs, among which *tansy* was conspicuous, and sent its strong perfume through the spacious house. I have always associated death with it, ever since.

After all the mourners had assembled, and the whole company were getting to be very solemn, what was my surprise to see two servants bringing up stairs, silver waiters with cake and wine, which was passed round in each room to all present! I caught sight of Rosa's face which had really begun to wear a sympathetic expression, and was looking very grave *for her*, when I saw a smile of relief pass over her countenance, as much as to say, 'the solemnities may be suspended a few moments—and I will be happy to refresh myself!'

This custom was new to me, though in fact, it was an old one passed out of date; but the General's family saw fit to continue it. It certainly was a great interruption to the purpose of our meeting together, and a seeming inconsistency in shedding tears over cake and wine. However, as it did'nt appear to surprise any body else, I made up my mind it was all right, and a hospitality extended towards those who had come from a distance, and needed refreshment. This being over a hymn was sung, and the mournful ceremonies proceeded. The 'stately man' was laid low in the ground, and many tears watered his grave.

'Dear me,' said Rosa, with a sigh, as we walked slowly and sadly home together, 'his riches won't do him any good now; I *really* hope he has that treasure in Heaven that mamma talks so much about.'

ANNA HARTLEY.

Learning.: ORIGINAL. THE BOARDING SCHOOL. NO. 11.
Hartley, Anna
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Mar 24, 1853; 26, 48; American Periodicals
pg. 189

Learning.

ORIGINAL.

THE BOARDING SCHOOL.

NO. 11.

'A *picnic!* a *picnic!*' cried half a dozen voices, as they rushed out of the recitation room, where they had all collected in recess. 'And who could have thought that Miss Gill would have been the one to propose it, so unsocial and almost unamiable as she looks.'

'It only shows how wrong it is to judge so much by one's looks,' cried one, 'for let me tell you, she is *goodness itself*, and forbidding as she seems, perched up in that high desk, she loves nothing more than to see the girls enjoying themselves in proper time. Somehow she has won the affections of all her class, even Anna, who was the most prejudiced of all. They have done their best to please her, so she proposes this for their pleasure, and the whole school is to join. The first day of June is the day fixed upon, the wind is always east in May—and that would spoil all—so we wait for June. If its being June don't make it pleasant, we must be patient, for a pleasant day we *must* have, any how.

A lovely day at last came, and the picnic we did have. In a lovely grove on the hill, behind the academy, was the place appointed. That same grove where we had spent so many happy hours, lying down under the trees, listening to the birds, watching the busy squirrels. There we we spent our Sunday noons, rather than walk home half a mile in the glaring sunshine. And perhaps under that leafy canopy we were inspired with far more devotion, than when sitting bolt upright in those square high backed pews, with their uncushioned seats, and a monitor in the corner to report if we turned our heads either to the right or left.

Really it was very clever in Miss Gill, to arrange so nicely for our amusement.—On that bright, beautiful day, to surprise us so pleasantly by finding on our arrival at

the grove, tables spread with good things, and decorated with flowers. But eating and drinking was not all we had got to do. It was proposed to call it a May day feast, and have a queen among us, crowned with appropriate ceremony. Lily May, the loved one among us all, was by common consent chosen to wear the floral wreath, and well did it become her lovely face, and with suitable modesty did she kneel to receive it. On presenting it, some lines of poetry were addressed to her, and sweetly did she reply by singing us a May day song. The 'stiff, unbending' Miss Gill, was not disturbed when a dance was proposed—and joined us with hearty good will.

An unexpected pleasure now came, in the arrival of a little pony at the pleasure ground, sent by a rich man in the village who owned him, for the use of those who cared to ride him. Poor pony—a hard day's work for him to accommodate himself to the fancies of all who pleased to mount his shaggy back; but he lived through it by much coaxing, and some feeding, gave all a chance to canter round the ring marked out for his especial use, but not without playing the prank of sliding one of the riders gently to the ground, when he thought her too exacting upon his patience. As the sun began to go down, we were reminded there must be an end to all pleasures, and sweet Lily May with the wreath upon her head, was mounted upon the pony, and headed a procession through the village to escort his ponyship to his by that time *welcome* home. He made no resistance when he found himself headed towards his stable—and Lily rode in triumph with her train of followers behind.

The picnic being over, thanks were returned to Miss Gill, for the interest she had taken in it. Some remorse was felt for the hasty manner in which we had judged of our new teacher; and we girls all came to the conclusion that a boarding school, after all, was not without its pleasures.

ANNA HARTLEY.

Learning.: ORIGINAL. THE BOARDING SCHOOL. No. I.
Hartley, Anna
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Nov 11, 1852; 26, 29; American Periodicals
pg. 114

Learning.

ORIGINAL.

THE BOARDING SCHOOL.

NO. I.

What a delightful excitement I was in, when it was first announced to me, that I was to be sent to a boarding school in the country. City born and city bred, with only an occasional peep at green fields, how did my heart bound with delight, at the idea of losing sight for a while, of brick walls and stone pavements, and of finding myself in the broad open country, rambling without constraint over the green grass, and among the sweet flowers, without stopping to think if my shoes were tied, or my bonnet on straight.

It was to be my first leaving home. I was not to be sent away because I was troublesome or ungovernable. I had been my father's pet, my mother's pride, and, seemed to be by way of experiment that this change was to be made, I have since thought to make me prize the blessings of *home*.

And now what a busy time there was in the house, new dresses bought, old ones renovated, shoes, stockings, gloves without number collected together, a most useless outlay it appeared to me, who could think of needing nothing but a plain calico frock, and gingham sun bonnet, but my painstaking mother, knew better than I, and many were the nice, convenient articles of clothing stowed away in my trunk, for which I had occasion to thank her when far away.

That navarino hat with blue ribbon streamers! Shall I ever forget it? It *did* strike me as something uncommonly beautiful, and from its advent I must date my first feeling of vanity, when, trying it on, I surveyed myself in the glass, and caught my mother's look of satisfaction, as she turned me round and round, and arranged my curls to the best advantage under it. It was not necessary for her to speak out what she thought, child though I was, I read it all, and never a Sunday afterwards was that hat tied under my chin, that I did not give an extra look of pleasure at myself, and wish my mother was there to see how very becoming it was!

Well, the day at last arrived for me to begone, and my heart beat high with expectation, as the stage drew up to the door. I ran to the front window, and

peeped through the blinds to see if there was any one inside to be my companion. I saw two or three young ladies, I suppose I must call them, who as it turned out, were bound for the same place of destination as myself. I hurried on my bonnet and gloves, gave a hug and kiss all round, an extra one to my baby sister, and then was put into the stage by my father with a parting good bye, and an injunction to me to write home certainly once a week.

Away whirled the stage, and I soon lost sight of the "dear old house and home," with its woodbines, elms, and honeysuckles. If I remember right, my eyes felt rather moist as I found myself shut up in the coach, with only strange faces about me. I looked at them, and they looked at me, but as we had not been introduced, of course it would not do to speak, or so we thought at first, but after getting out of the city, and we found ourselves on the monotonous road of the country, the ice was soon broken, and before the half day was over, we were like old friends.

Then we had to talk of what was before us, and our probable prospect for happiness and contentment. Our boarding places having been previously engaged, we were sorry to find that we should not all of us board together. Upon arriving at the village of D. we were severally upon the sharp lookout, for the houses answering to the description of those where we were to be domesticated. How well I remember my feelings, when the stage drew up to the door of a pretty little white house, with green blinds, shaded by large trees, and a flower-garden in front, honeysuckles and roses in full bloom. "Oh," said I, "what a pretty place—how I should love to live here." And here one of our number was to be dropped—but alas! my name was not the one called Well—, we drove on from place to place, some not nearly so pretty as the first one, till all but two of the passengers had been disposed of, one other little girl and myself. Then how anxiously did I look out for the next stopping place, for that was to be our home for three months at least. At the village doctor's! "He is an important character, surely he will live in a handsome, pleasant house," thought I. What was my dismay when whoa! again sounded in my ears, to find myself in front of a little unsentimental two story, *yellow* painted house, with not a blind to be seen, the broad noonday sun in full blaze upon every window, and worse than all, directly upon the dusty road, with not a tree, or shrub in its vicinity! Here *was* a come down to my fanciful imaginings. "And *this* is the place where I am to be left!" I exclaimed, and looking at my companion, saw in her face all that I desired by way of sympathy. My baggage was soon disposed of, and I was shewn to my room. Oh worse and worse—neat to be sure and clean—freshly painted! Have I ever once since in all my life had the odor of fresh paint come across me, without being carried straight back to that little contracted room, with its uncarpeted floor, paper window curtains, and feather-bed, so high that I *knew* I must have a ladder to get into it. Without stopping to take off my bonnet, as soon as I found myself alone, the hostess having left me with the injunction to *make myself at home!* as if that were an easy matter to be done! I threw myself down in one of the two white painted chairs in the room, and leaning my head on the table, burst into a most hearty cry. This was a relief, and would have been more of one, if it had helped the matter. But here I was to stay, three long months! and crying would'nt cut short the time one single day. What should I do? The first grief I had ever known, without my mother to fly to for comfort? There was no consolation at hand of any kind, for strange faces were all about me, and nobody knew the heart aching home-sickness that came over me, which choked me when I tried to eat my dinner, and made me cry myself to sleep every night. "Can I *ever* be happy in this place," I would ask myself, and the only answer for a fortnight after my arrival was, *never*, *never*, if I should live here forever. But time, the softener of all our griefs, dealt kindly by me, and after sundry dismal and despairing letters home, which brought answers kind, encouraging, and affectionate, I reasoned myself into something like contentment. The weekly box, filled with fruit, cake, letters, and pretty stories to amuse me, which my thoughtful father never forgot when Thursday came round, and which the good-natured stage-driver never charged upon his way bill, because as he said "it did him so much good to see my glad face as he tossed it to me from the top of the coach." This well-remembered box, was indeed a great alleviation to my sorrows, as many of my schoolmates will testify, who shared with me the nice things it contained.

ANNA HARTLEY.

Learning.: THE BOARDING SCHOOL. NO..
Hartley, Anna
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Nov 25, 1852; 26, 31; American Periodicals
pg. 0_2

Learning.

ORIGINAL.

THE BOARDING SCHOOL.

NO. 3.

My first impression of the 'tall, slim dignified teacher,' was anything but agreeable. Those snapping black eyes, and frigid manners, told plain enough the distance I was to keep from her, and I did'nt look for much comfort in that direction.

Glad enough was I, after my examination was over, to find myself fitted only to enter the preparatory class, and under the particular instruction of an assistant teacher, and I was not a little curious, as to whether I should be any more favorably disposed towards *her*.

It is said, 'there was ne'er a cloud without a silver lining,' and surely in this case it was verified, for one look at the young bright face of Miss L. who was to be teacher of my department, assured me, that there was to be no distance between *us*. I felt the magnetism, which then I did not understand so well as I have since, between kindred spirits. The first time she spoke to me, I knew I should love her. There was a witchery in her voice and smile, which took my heart. Beauty, in whatever shape it came, I had been taught to admire, whether in a tree or flower, the rising sun, or the sunset cloud, in the music of the voice, or the 'soul-speaking eye.' I saw in Miss L. beauty enough, but that was the least of her charms to me. I felt the power she would have over me, and I determined to do all that I could to win her love. Oh how much I wished she could live under the same roof with me, so that at home as well as at school I might be with her.

I could see now, a breaking in the cloud that had so heavily hung over me, and my friend Helen, began after a week or two to be quite encouraged concerning me. She was not aware, how much she herself had done to chase away my homesickness, nor how often her glad face had sent the tears back. I soon made up my mind that with the help of Helen at home, and my friend Miss L. in school hours, I should be able to live through at least the three months to vacation. Trials, to be sure I must have. What school girl has them not?

The Academy at D., was half a mile from my boarding place. I discovered after my homesickness was over, that it was delightfully situated. Behind it lay a lovely grove, and the front commanded a view of the whole village, the church being prominent in the landscape at the foot of the hill. The most attractive feature about the building to me, was one window—near which my desk chanced to stand, from which I could see the winding road—the stage road, for the distance of two or three miles. And because the only way I had of hearing from *home*, was by the stage which three times a week came through the village, I watched its approach with no small interest, from the farthest point the eye could reach, by the cloud of dust in the distance which nothing but those horses feet could raise.

Thursday, the day in the week which unfailingly brought me dispatches, thanks to the kind father, who never in one insance disappointed me, was hailed with childish joy. The stage was due at the post-office the same hour school was dismissed. I was promptly on the spot to receive from the hand of the kind stage-driver, the big round box, which in going to and fro each week, was at last fairly worn out in the service. I well remember on one occasion my funny dilemma—when added to the box, was an immense watermelon, which I discovered rolling round on the top of the stage, that I was told my father had sent me. How *should* I get it home!—It was more than I could possibly lift! Some of the girls offered to help me, but it was too ludicrous for us to get many steps with it—and the melon was in eminent peril of coming to the ground, when the driver laughing at our awkwardness, took it from us, and told me he would'nt mind driving out of his way a little, and leaving it for me at the door of the boarding house, and opening the door of the stage, told us all to jump in and ride home. Shall I ever forget that clever man, with all his coarseness of exterior, that carried about with him a heart so full of kindness and good-nature?

Turning to me, he said, 'I shall take you, little Miss, up on the stage box, with me, for I have something to say to you. Jump, now.' And giving a spring, I found myself with his assistance, upon an exceeding high place as it appeared to me. He was soon at my side, when I felt much safer, and crack went the whip! the fresh horses started off on the run, I held my breath for a moment, till I saw what perfect control he had over them, and then concluded that my seat was altogether the pleasantest one in a stage coach. He began to talk to me of my home, and my father, whom he said, seemed to be very fond of making me happy, and was so prompt with the big box every week.—That he always asked him when he saw me, if I looked well and happy.' 'I told him,' said he, 'that you always looked both well and happy on Thursday. And now I shall have something more to tell him, that you have had a ride with me!' I wished the ride could have been longer, but we were soon landed watermelon and all, and had a feast that afternoon, for we got none of the dainties of the season as we did at home. Strange as it may seem, the country is no place for cultivated fruit, where the farmers have as much as they can do, to make hay and plant potatoes. If apples choose to grow of themselves, well and good, but no pains is taken to raise choice fruit, unless a business is made of it, for the purpose of selling, and that was not the case at D.

ANNA HARTLEY.

NARRATIVE.: THE BOARDING-SCHOOL FEAST.
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); May 12, 1837; 10, 52; American Periodicals
pg. 205

NARRATIVE.

THE BOARDING-SCHOOL FEAST.

People, you know, think a great deal of feasting; and so do I. But the feasts which I think most highly of are feasts of the mind and soul. Give the mind a number of large, liberal, new ideas, whether they come by observation, conversation or reading; and it is, or ought to be a feast to it. Give the soul a parcel of good feelings, such as make it truly happy, and that too is a feast. These are the feasts I think most of. Is it not so with you?

But there are many who think most of the feasts of the body. Some whole families, old and young, are of this description. They are not to be blamed for it, however, so much as pitied.

Well, as I was going to tell you, some girls, at a boarding school, who had been brought up in families that thought almost every thing of feasting the body, undertook to have a feast among themselves, slily, in the night. So they proceeded to collect things together for the purpose. They had tarts, and mince pies, and cocoa-nut puddings, and pound cake, and I know not how many other sorts of cake; and they had grapes of various kinds. All seemed to go on very well for a time, as roguery and mischief very often do.

But an evil hour at last came. There were, at the school, a number of little girls who were not let into the secret. Now one of these little girls who suspected something was going on, crept into the room before the other girls had come, and, by the aid of a chair, managed to get up on the upper shelf of a large closet there was in the room; then pushing away the chair, she drew the closet door nearly close, only leaving a small crack through which she could see all that was going on. Soon after, in came the large girls, and amongst them was one who did not approve of the "scrape;" she was going away, when one of the others tried to persuade her to stay. Well, after she had gone, they thought they would at least put by some of the feast in hopes that she would take it in the morning. And they thought that the best place to put it would be on the upper shelf of the closet. Accordingly one of the young ladies took the things and went to the closet; and just as she was putting them on the shelf she gave a scream and let them all drop; this frightened the rest. And presently they heard another rustling in the closet, upon which they rushed towards the door to get out, with such violence, as to overset the table and throw every thing upon the floor. The lamps were broken and extinguished in the fall, several of the girls were thrown down by the others, and some shrieked so loudly that they were overheard by their friends; and thus the plot was found out, and the feast broken up.

Miss Leslie undertakes to tell how the floor looked the moment after this disaster happened. The oil from the shattered lamps was running among the cakes and pies, which were also drenched with water from a broken pitcher, near which a bottle of lemon syrup was lying in fragments. The table was thrown down and was lying on its side, and some of the girls were prostrate on the floor around it, still screaming.

There is an old maxim, found in the American Preceptor, a once famous school book, that "Every one should mind his own business." Young ladies who plot feasts in the night can hardly be said to be attending to their own business.

Young ladies would do well to let alone such things when they are at a boarding-school. Every thing like tricks or deceit should be avoided, both there and at home. A little feast may seem to them a matter of small consequence. But they should remember that if they allow themselves in these small things, which are out of character, they will by and by do something which is larger; and who can tell where it will end?

I say again, therefore, keep out of all such "scrapes," and attend to things which are proper for you, and which you know will be agreeable to the wishes of your parents and teachers.

[*Parley's Magazine.*

Moral Tales.: ORIGINAL. THE DEFORMED.
W D
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Jul 22, 1847; 21, 12; American Periodicals
pg. 0_1

Moral Tales.

ORIGINAL.

THE DEFORMED.

On a warm summer evening, after a day of intense heat, the young ladies of Mrs. B.'s boarding school, were strolling through the pleasant garden connected with their house. Some were walking arm in arm, conversing earnestly; others, by their peals of laughter, showed that something very amusing was the subject of their conversation. One cluster of girls, older than the rest, were standing near the house, and their remarks about a new scholar, who had that day come among them, were as follows.

"I did really pity the poor thing when Mrs. Brown showed her into the school room. She looked so confused, and embarrassed," said one of the girls.

"Yes," replied another, "She seemed to dread meeting so many girls, and I don't wonder; she is so wretchedly deformed. But do you know girls, who she is in mourning for?"

"Her mother, I believe; so Mrs. Brown said the day before she came," one of the girls replied. "And she told us, besides, that her father died when she was three years old.

"Oh! how I pity her!" exclaimed Emma Stanley, one of the younger scholars, who had just joined the group. "But I think I shall love her, she has such a pleasant face, and looks so gentle."

"Oh no doubt *you* will love her. You love everybody; but I fear you will be the only one," replied Anna Bell, one of the oldest scholars, who was remarkable for her great beauty, haughty manners, and disagreeable temper. "For my part, I never could love such a looking object. I am sure, if I had such a figure, I should prefer to hide myself at home, than to come to a large boarding school."

How little did the proud girl who had last spoken know what a wound she was inflicting upon the feelings of the poor young creature, who had unintentionally heard this conversation. Lucy Allen, the subject of these remarks, had seated herself by the open window looking out upon the garden. The woodbine and honeysuckle creeping over the lattice by the window, screened her from the view of the girls in the garden; and she thus heard their conversation. Poor Lucy! She had felt lonely and sad, before, and wished, oh, how earnestly! that she were with her mother in the grave; but now she felt bitterly her friendless position, and the heartlessness of her companions, and thought how gladly would she return to her home, and never leave it again. But, alas! she had no home. The house, where she had lived from childhood, was sold, and inhabited by strangers. Her uncle, her only guardian, was travelling in Europe, and she must remain where she was, till his return; perhaps two years would pass before she could leave Mrs. Brown's.

As Lucy thought of all these things, she covered her face with her hands, and the warm tears fell rapidly upon the book she held before her. Could her mother have looked upon her then, she would have wept with her child, and she would have whispered to her words of comfort. I know not but the thought of her mother came to Lucy's mind, for she opened the book she held, and read in it, till she became calm. That book was her mother's; marked with her name, and she had given it to Lucy before her death. There were many passages marked in it, and a few words written in the margin. One verse which Lucy often read, was this: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," and the few words, "Remember this, my daughter," were traced with a trembling hand on the margin. And as Lucy looked at those words, she determined to bear without complaining all that she should meet with, however hard it might be.

There was one thing, for which Lucy was very thankful. When she went to her room for the night, she found that little Emma Stanley who had spoken so lovingly of her in the garden, was to be her room-mate. Emma was a lovely child, and she seemed determined to put Lucy in good spirits. She said Mrs. Brown had promised to take all the scholars the next day to a beautiful wood, where there were wild flowers in abundance. "And of course you will go with us," said the happy child. "For you must be fond of flowers; I see it in your face."

Lucy kissed the little chatter-box, and felt happier than she had for many a day, in thinking of Emma's affectionate words. But when the morrow came, a severe headache made it impossible for Emma to join her companions in the proposed walk. It was a severe disappointment to the poor child; and she looked so sad, that Lucy determined to remain with her. The party had all assembled in the school room, ready for their walk, when Mrs. Brown looking around and not seeing Lucy, said: "Where is Miss Allen, I suppose, of course, she will join us."

"She says she prefers to remain with Emma, who has a violent headache;" replied one of the girls.

"I am sorry to lose her company; but this is one trait of Miss Allen's character, and I think if some of my scholars were as self forgetful as she is, they would indeed be improved. Her deformity seems only to have sweetened her temper."

The girls looked around upon each other, and thought of their conversation the day before. Anna Bell seemed to remember her unkind remarks, and looked as if she would not for the world have Mrs. Brown hear them.

When, the party returned that evening, they found Emma much worse. Lucy had been with her all day, and had amused her by telling her stories, and singing the songs she had learned of her mother, but towards night she became very feverish, and Mrs. Brown thought it necessary to send for a physician. The next morning she was still worse, and the severe pain in her head increased. Lucy did not leave her; but was constantly bathing her

head, and handing her some cooling drink. It seemed as if Emma could not baar to lose sight for a moment of her gentle nurse, and she looked so grateful for every attention, that Lucy was fully repaid for her care. But the most tender care which Lucy could give, was unable to ward off a severe illness from her little pet. A brain fever of the most severe kind, was pronounced by the physician to have sized upon her, and the greatest care must be used to keep her quiet. Lucy, ever by her bedside, watched over her as if she had been a sister. Once, when the fever was at its crisis, the physician said he feared she could not live, and then, for the first time, Lucy felt how much she would gladly do, if her life could only be spared, and she prayed earnestly, that the sorrow of losing her only friend might be averted from her. * *

The crisis passed; and Emma was out of danger. Slowly but surely she gained strength, and by degress the bloom of health returned. Mr. Stanley a man of great wealth, had heard of his daughter's illness, and hastened to her. He reached the village where he met the physician, who told him that she was out of danger. He also informed him that he considered her recovery owing, in a great measure, to the careful nursing and attention of a young girl who had been like a mother to her.

The feelings of Emma's father can hardly be described. He found his daughter still very weak, but improving every day. He had no other child, and Emma was his pet, his darling. To have lost her would have been a death blow to him. His gratitude to Lucy knew no bounds, for he considered her, the preserver of his child.

At the close of the summer term, Mr. Stanley determined to take Emma home with him. But there was one difficulty in the way. At the bare thought of separation from Lucy, Emma was so distressed, that Mr. Stanley determined to see if he could not induce Lucy to return with them. He wrote to her uncle accordingly, and received a letter from him saying, that if Lucy could be happy, he had no objection to her returning home with him.

It was a happy day for Emma when she started with her father and her "darling Lucy," as she called her, for her pleasant home. And when Lucy found herself in the delightful house of the Stanlys, she did not feel the want of her own home. Like a daughter was she beloved, by Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, and Emma always said that she loved her *sister Lucy* better than anybody else, except her father and mother. The girls of Mrs. Brown's school often speak of Lucy; but not as "the deformed," they only think of her as the *loveliest girl* they ever had among them.

W. D.

THE NURSERY.: THE GREAT FAULT.
Louisa, Maria
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Jan 4, 1834; 7, 33; American Periodicals
pg. 131

THE NURSERY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE GREAT FAULT.

Mary G—— was the only child of fond and indulgent parents; she was kind and affectionate, but had one great fault, which was, *not speaking the truth in trifling things.*

Notwithstanding all the care of her parents to check this great evil, it increased, as she grew in years, so that at the time she was twelve years old, what she said, could but seldom, if ever be relied upon.

Her parents at last sent her to Mrs. B—'s boarding school, where they hoped she would not have an opportunity of concealing the truth, on account of being watched by the teachers; but alas! they had sent her to the very worst place; (a fashionable boarding school,) where the teachers cared not for the principles of the young ladies entrusted to their charge, as long as they recited their lessons perfectly, and were polite and respectful; although if any one was found doing wrong, she was severely reprimanded, and obliged to spend the rest of the day in solitude.

Mary had not attended the school more than a few weeks, before her character was perfectly known, both by teachers and scholars, and in consequence, she hardly had what could be called *a friend.*

If any fault was committed, the blame was sure to be laid upon Mary, although half the time she was not guilty; and if she tried to vindicate herself in the least, she would be immediately checked by the teacher, who would reply, she need not try to excuse herself, she had so often done it, when she had done wrong, that she could not now be believed;—and poor Mary was sent to her room, and the rest of the day was spent in weeping.—When at night, she retired to rest, many and many were the resolutions she formed; but morning would no sooner dawn, than they were forgotten, and Mary was the same as before.

Time rolled on, and Mary had not yet overcome her fault. She was continually disgraced, and at last she determined to write to her parents, tell them of her unhappiness, and beg them to allow her to return home; but how to get a letter to them without Mrs. B—'s knowledge, she knew not, for no scholar was allowed to send, or to receive one in return from their parents, without the teacher's first seeing it; and Mary knew that if she showed this, she would incur the displeasure of all the teachers, and the letter would not be sent.

Accordingly, one pleasant afternoon she obtained permission to take a short walk, and concealing the letter which she had written in her bag, she determined to put it into the Post Office herself, which, with much difficulty she accomplished, and to her great joy, she was not questioned as to where she had been.

We will now for a short time take leave of Mary, and return to her parents, who were much distressed when they received her letter, and determined to set out immediately, and bring her to a home which now seemed dearer to her than ever.

Accordingly, early in the morning of the following day, they set out on their journey, and at the end of a week found themselves at Mrs. B—'s house, in a large and spacious hall, where they sat impatiently waiting for their daughter; she at length entered, and threw herself into the open and extended arms of her parents, her *still* kind parents; she entreated them never to let her be separated from them again, and if they would permit her to

return with them, she would endeavor to correct a fault, which had been the cause of so much trouble, both to herself and others.

Her parents reproved her very severely for continuing her great fault, showed her the very bad effect it had on her character, and how great a sin it was against God. They told her she must repent of this wickedness, and return home that they might see that her repentance was sincere.

Mary accordingly returned with her parents, and with the help of her Heavenly Father, and the council and prayers of her parents, corrected her great fault, and was afterwards *believed* and *beloved* by all her friends. MARIA LOUISA.

NARRATIVE.: THE IMPATIENT LITTLE GIRL. [Translated for the Youth's Companion.]
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Jun 25, 1841; 15, 7; American Periodicals
pg. 25

NARRATIVE.

THE IMPATIENT LITTLE GIRL.

[*Translated for the Youth's Companion.*]

"Shall we set out soon, mamma?" asked Pauline of her mother, bringing her hat and gloves.

"Yes, my dear," replied her mother, "in two hours from now."

"Two hours! you cannot mean so, mamma."

"Yes, my daughter, I mean what I say, and you know as well as I do, that by setting out now we should get there two hours before recess, and therefore should not be able to see your cousin."

"Oh dear! how provoking!"

"What, not to be able to do at twelve o'clock what is proper to be done at two?"

"But everybody knows it is so disagreeable to wait."

"And why do you wait?"

"Because I must."

"I do not see why. Have you been waiting ever since morning?"

"No, mamma, because this morning was not the time."

"Neither is it the time now. If you think it necessary to begin to wait so long beforehand, I do not see why you did not begin yesterday or the day before; your misfortune would then be the greater, and you would be the more to be pitied."

Pauline had nothing to reply, but she was none the less impatient. Indeed, patience was a virtue she was sadly deficient in. When she had a lesson to study, she always went to recite it half a dozen times before it was learned, and had to take back her book again.

She hurried over her music lesson in the same way, although she knew that she would have it to practise till it was perfectly learned. On this day, she was going to pay a farewell visit to her cousin Augustine, before going into the country. This visit had already been deferred a week, through her impatience, for from the moment it was talked of she could think of nothing else, and neglected all her lessons. But impatient as she was to see her cousin, a new fancy took possession of her as soon as she reached the boarding-school at which Augustine was placed. The scholars had some very convenient sun-bonnets, and Pauline's mother happened to say that she would get her one of the same kind. From that moment Pauline had no rest, but kept begging her mother to set off immediately to get one of these bonnets, which she was to wear only in the country, and which she could have just as well the next day.

A month after this, and while Pauline was yet in the country, she heard a piece of news which gave her great joy. Her cousin Augustine was an orphan. As her health had not been good for some time, Pauline's mother determined to take her away from the boarding school where she was, and educate her with her own daughter.

Pauline was delighted with this plan, and of course most impatient for the end of the three weeks which were to intervene before its accomplishment; every day she asked, "Will the first of August never come?" She wondered that her mother did not have Augustine's bed prepared three weeks before hand, and could not sleep till she had arranged the shelf in the closet which was destined for her.

Pauline had a beautiful orange lily which was expected to flower about the time of her cousin's coming, and she resolved to give it to her. As she was always in a hurry to enjoy the pleasures she anticipated, she sent word to her cousin that she had something very pretty for her, and then she set about tending her lily in the way most proper to kill it. To make it grow the faster she inundated it with water, till the earth round it became mud; then fearing that she had injured it, she carried it to the sun to dry it. She handled the buds, looked into them and pressed them in her fingers, as if this would hasten their opening. At last she did so much that one morning she found her lily drooping, and the most advanced bud, instead of opening farther, was beginning to wither; she redoubled her cares and agitations, and the next morning it was still worse. She went with her mother to pass that day at a neighboring country-seat, and when she returned her lily was not to be found.

She ran to all the servants, asking news of it; but no one had seen it. At last she went to the gardener, who said to her,

"It was not worth the trouble of keeping; you could not have saved it."

Pauline, very angry, told him that she wished he would not meddle with her affairs, and that she would have back her lily; but the only answer she could obtain was, "I tell you it's done for; you could not have saved it."

She went to complain to her mother, who said to her,

"Since Anthony assures you that you could not have saved it, it must be so; he knows more about it than you or I."

Pauline went from one to the other in turn, but not being able to obtain any other answers than these, she at last went to bed very unhappy. She was much more so some days afterwards. A neighbor and friend of her mother had engaged to come and dine with her on the day of Augustine's arrival, and to bring his son and daughter. The daughter, whose name was Adele, had been at the same boarding-school with Augustine; she was very fond of her, and so was her brother Eugene. Indeed, every body loved Augustine, she was so gentle and well-behaved; and as she had been sick, Adele determined to celebrate her recovery. Pauline had of course spoken to her of her lily, and of a tame sparrow which her brother was to give Augustine. Adele determined to give her a little lamb, and Eugene who drew very well, had made a pretty sketch for her.

The day before Augustine was expected, Adele, who had seen little masquerades at school and been much amused by them, sent word to Pauline, that in order to give her lamb to Augustine, she intended the next day to dress herself as a shepherdess, and she recommended to Pauline to appear as a flower-girl, with her lily, while Alfred with his sparrow was to represent a hunter.

When Pauline received this note she was in the greatest trouble. "What can be done?" asked she of her mother, "since I have no lily?"

"*You* can do nothing," replied her mother, "but that need not prevent the others;" and Alfred, who had heard the proposition, was not disposed to give it up. He said that Pauline could be dressed as a flower-girl without giving flowers, but Pauline declared it would be ridiculous, and her mother agreed with her. Then he proposed that she should give some other flowers.

"A fine pleasure," said Pauline, "after having promised an orange lily to give her a pot of gilly flowers!"

Between the desire of appearing like a flower girl in a flat hat, a blue petticoat and red apron, which the gardener's daughter would have lent her, and the impossibilty of presenting any pretty flowers, Pauline was distracted. The gardener assured her that the only flower which was then in a state to be put in a pot was a marygold, and this was out of the question. How Eugene would laugh at her! And to make the matter worse her father told her that Augustine had begged very hard to know what it was so pretty that her cousin had for her, but he had refused to tell.

At last the day arrived, and she was still in perplexity. Her dress was waiting for her, but of what use to put it on? Alfred was already dressed, and as he passed through the hall called out, "they are coming! they are coming! I see the carriage; make haste, Pauline."

"Poor Pauline burst into tears, and to her mother's inquiries, who entered at the moment, she could only reply with sobs, "I don't know what to do; nobody helps me, nobody cares any thing for me."

"Look! said her mother, and standing on one side, she lets her see Anthony bringing the orange lily all in flower, arranged with moss in a pretty green basket. Pauline utters a cry of joy, and springs towards it; she looks at it on all sides, counts the flowers and thanks Anthony. "You had then another lily?" "No, miss, this is yours." "But it was dead." "Not quite, but it would have been at the rate you were going on with it."

Anthony went away, loaded with thanks.

Pauline transported hastened to dress herself, looking all the while at her lily, which, happily, she had not time to touch. All things went on prosperously, and Pauline might have forgotten this lesson, if her mother had not taken care to renew it, by always refusing her what she desired so impatiently as to make her neglect her duties, or act unreasonably. In this way her fault was cured, and she grew up a reasonable woman.

THE MUSIC TEACHER.
M W D
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Jun 21, 1849; 23, 8; American Periodicals
pg. 29



ORIGINAL.

THE MUSIC TEACHER.

It was towards the close of a chilly day in March. The rain had been falling since morning, and now the sky looked dark and murky, promising anything but fair weather for the morrow. The lessons in Madame Percy's boarding-school were all over, and the girls had assembled in the supper-room to discuss the topic, which now interested them above all others—the arrival of the new music teacher, who was expected that evening in the stage. As might be expected, this event was looked forward to with the greatest interest, for there was very little to excite and amuse young girls in the quiet village of Fairfield.

There was another reason for so much curiosity to see this new comer. Miss Lestrange, the last teacher, had come with the highest recommendations from New York, but had been only a subject of ridicule to our boarding-school misses, who made her affected manners, and operatic style of singing, a perpetual mark for their sarcasm. Whenever Miss Lestrange was seated at the piano, Kate Kennedy, the wit of the school, would place herself directly behind her, and the contortions of feature which took place, were droll to see, convulsing the other girls with laughter, which they with difficulty suppressed. Indeed, on one occasion, as their music-teacher was singing an air from Norma, in her most effective manner, their laughter at Kate's grimaces, could not be suppressed; and Miss Lestrange, turning suddenly round, saw at once that *she* was the object of it all. Her indignation may be readily imagined, and she made such a complaint to Madame Percy, that Kate was banished to her own room for two days, and was severely reprimanded. Madame also made an attempt at reconciliation between the delinquent and the offended one, but, as Kate would not ask Miss Lestrange's pardon, and the latter declared she 'would not give it, if asked,' the attempt was wholly ineffectual. Now though this was very wrong in Kate, yet it must be acknowledged, the music-teacher was extremely affected and unnatural in her style of singing, and, as she never sung any but Italian songs, the girls did not improve under her instruction. So she was dismissed, and her successor was expected this evening.

At length, the sound of wheels was heard, the merry voices in the school-room ceased, and the stage drove up the avenue, and stopped before the front door. A young lady, clad in deep mourning, with her veil drawn over her face, entirely concealing it from view, stepped out of the coach. Madame Percy was at the door, ready to receive her, and all that the girls could hear, was a few words, complaining of a severe head-ache, and requesting to be shown directly to her room. The low, sweet voice, whose tone was an irresistible appeal for love and sympathy, the sable garb, and slight, though graceful figure of their new teacher, had already half won the hearts of her pupils. E. H. were the initials on her trunk. Various were the conjectures as to the name for which they stood; for it so happened that the girls had not heard it. *Emma Hamilton*, *Eliza Hook*, *Emily Harris*, were all suggested by various voices, but the girls concluded that none were pretty enough for the stranger. When Madame came down, however, she settled the matter by telling them her name was Ellen Herbert.

"Ellen Herbert! how charmingly it sounds! I never could make fun of Ellen Herbert," exclaimed Kate Kennedy.

"I desire you, Miss Kennedy, to desist from making fun of my assistants, whatever be their names," said Madame Percy, with all the dignity of an injured and offended person.

"Oh! do excuse me, Madame," replied Kate. "But who could help laughing at that ridiculous Miss Le *strange*? Her very name! Only reverse it, and you have 'The *strange* Miss.' You yourself, Madame, thought she was very amusing."

"Whatever I may have thought, Miss Kennedy, it became you to treat your teacher with proper respect; and I trust your powers of satire will never again be used on one of my assistants."

Madame Percy said this with more than usual emphasis, and then summoned the girls to the tea-table, which was waiting. As Kate seated herself by her friend, Mary Morris, she whispered,

"I wonder if Madame thinks I intend to laugh at Miss Herbert, as I did at Miss Lestrange? Why, Mary, strange to say, I love her already, though all I know is, that she has a sweet voice, wears mourning, and her name is Ellen Herbert."

That night the new teacher was the only theme of conversation. What was her age? What friend had she lost? Was she pretty or plain? Would she be affectionate or reserved? Would she let them love her, or make them fear her? All these questions were asked by the scholars, without expecting or receiving answers.

The next morning, at the breakfast table, when Miss Herbert entered the room, they were answered to the satisfaction of those whose eyes were fixed upon the new teacher. She was about twenty. Very lovely, though pale and sad; and, as she looked round upon her pupils, that were to be, her glance said, "Love me, all of you, for I have need of it."

It is strange how the mere presence of some beings demands and receives for them our interest and affection. So it was with Ellen Herbert. She said but little, but those few words seemed spoken better by her, than they could have been by any other. Therefore all listened when she spoke, and her words were remembered too, for they were ever words of kindness and love.

That evening, though the March wind and rain still continued, there were no complaints heard of dulness, or murmurings at the weather. In the music-room, where the pupils were assembled to hear Miss Herbert sing, you might have heard the rustle of a leaf—such was the stillness. Song after song she sung to them. They heard not the rain beating against the windows, they only knew that they were listening to such music as they never had heard before. Many of those songs were Ellen's own compositions; but they knew not, nor cared to know who composed them. When she rose from the piano, Kate Kennedy, the scornful, sarcastic Kate, was standing motionless, with her eyes full of tears. Madame Percy saw her standing thus, and thought that she might have spared herself all fears of Kate's ridiculing the new teacher.

From that day, a change came over Kate. Enthusiastic and generous she has always been, but careless of the feelings of others, and frequently giving them offence by her severe remarks. Now she became Ellen Herbert's dearest friend, and sooner than give her pain, she would have suffered any pain herself. Soon the change became perceptible in her treatment towards her other companions. One word from Miss Herbert, one look of silent reproof, and the sharp speech died upon Kate's lips, ere it was spoken.

Nor did Ellen Herbert's influence cease here. All differences and quarrels between the pupils were healed, for Ellen said that she could not be happy, unless they loved one another, and they would do anything to make her happy. You will not wonder that after the first quarter, under Miss Herbert's tuition, Madame Percy found her scholars wonderfully improved in manners and disposition, as well as music.

Smilingly the good lady was heard to acknowledge that "Miss Herbert was the best music-teacher she had ever had, for she had introduced *Harmony* into her school."

M. W. D.

NARRATIVE.: THE MYSTERIOUS PICTURE. Translated from the French, for the Pearl, by Miss Leslie
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Dec 22, 1830; 4, 31; American Periodicals
pg. 121

NARRATIVE.

THE MYSTERIOUS PICTURE.

Translated from the French, for the Pearl, by Miss Leslie.

The following remarkable story, which proves how the spirit can act without the senses, is said by the author to be strictly true.

Madame Dorival was the widow of a distinguished French officer, who had died in the service of his country. Being anxious to secure an independence for her children in case of her death, she was induced to open a boarding-school in the vicinity of Paris. The assistance of her two highly accomplished daughters, Lucilla and Julia, made the employment of female teachers unnecessary; but she engaged the best masters for music, dancing, drawing, and painting, and the most fashionable foreign languages. Her establishment was conducted on a most liberal scale, and each of the young ladies had a separate apartment. Among these young ladies, was Josephine Vericour, who took lessons in miniature painting, with the view of exercising that branch of the art as a profession; the circumstances of her family being such that it was necessary to educate her in the prospect of turning her talents to a profitable account.

Her imagination being deeply impressed with this object, she thought of it nearly all the day, and dreamed of it at night. That she had much natural talent for drawing was unquestionable; but she was only fifteen, she was not a prodigy, and in every thing she produced there was a due portion of defects.—With an ardent ambition to excel, Josephine was the victim of a painful and unconquerable timidity, and an entire want of confidence in herself. The remarks of the gentleman who instructed her, though very judicious, were often so severe that she was frequently tempted to throw away her pencil; and she never painted worse than when under the eye of her master.

One morning in the garden she was struck with the graceful and picturesque attitude in which two of her companions had unconsciously thrown themselves. One of them, having put her arm round the waist of the other, was pointing out to her notice a beautiful butterfly that had just settled on a rose. Josephine begged of the girls to remain in that position while she sketched them on the blank leaf of a book. Afterwards she made a separate drawing of each of their faces, and then transferred the whole to a large sheet of ivory, intended to make a picture of it in the miniature style. But she determined to work at it in her own chamber, at leisure hours, and not to allow it to be seen till it was entirely finished. In six weeks there was to be a private examination, at which premiums were to be awarded to those who excelled in the different branches taught at Madame Dorival's school. Seven of the young ladies were taking lessons in miniature painting, all of whom, in the eyes of the diffident Josephine, possessed far more talent than herself. Still she knew that industry, application, and an ardent desire to excel, had often effected wonders; and she was extremely anxious to gratify her parents by obtaining the prize, if possible.

In the retirement of her own room she painted with unremitting solitude, but as *she* thought, with very indifferent success; and one afternoon, more dissatisfied than usual with the result of her work, she hastily took the ivory from her little easel, and put it into the drawer of her color-box which she consigned to its usual place in the drawer of her table.

Next morning, what was the surprise of Josephine, to find her picture standing against the easel on the table, and much farther advanced than when she had quitted it the preceding day, and the faults which had then discouraged her entirely rectified. She tried to recollect if she had really put away the picture, and her memory recalled every circumstance of her shutting it up in the drawer. But she had no recollection of having previously corrected any of the errors; indeed she knew that she had not; and the only way in which she could attempt to solve the mystery, was to suppose that some one with the intention of exciting a laugh at her expense, had come in to the room during the night and re-touched it.

She mentioned it to no one; but the next night, to guard against a recurrence of the same trick, she arranged every thing in the neatest order, locked up her picture in the secret drawer at the bottom of her color-box, and placed it under her bolster.

But her astonishment was redoubled, when awaking at an early hour next morning, she put her hand under the bolster for her box, and found it gone! She ran to the table, and there saw the box lying beside the picture, which, as before, was leaning against the easel, and evidently much improved.—She was afraid to touch it again, lest her own inferior pencil should destroy some of its beauties; tho' she still remarked a few trifling defects of which she had not before been conscious. But rather than run the risk of spoiling the whole, she preferred leaving these little imperfections, as they were.—Before she went to bed, she took the precaution of placing a chair against the door, which had a bolt on the outside only; the young ladies not being allowed to fasten themselves in their own rooms. When she awoke in the morning, the door was still closed, and the chair standing just as she had placed it; the picture was again on the table, and some mysterious hand had changed all its defects into beauties.

Josephine was bewildered. 'What shall I do?' she exclaimed. 'If this mystery is suffered to go on, I fear it will end in something very vexatious. Yet it may be from motives of kindness only that some unknown person steals into my room at night, and works at my picture, with a skill so far surpassing my own. Since I did not mention this story at first I am sure, were I now to relate it, no one would believe me.' She painted no more at the picture but put it away as usual. That night she placed the washing stand against the door, laying her soap on the edge, so that if moved, it would fall; and having gone to bed very sleepy, she soon closed her eyes in her usual deep slumber.

In the morning, the washing-stand was still against the door, the soap had not fallen, the picture was finished!

At the breakfast table she stole inquiring glances at the countenances of her school-mates, but none of them looked particularly at *her*, and none averted their eyes. All seemed to be thinking only of the examination. When she returned to her room, she dressed herself for the occasion, and wrapping the picture in her pocket-handkerchief, she joined her companions, who walked in procession to the principal school-room. After being examined in several other branches, the drawings and miniature paintings were produced. Josephine blushed, as she presented her beautiful picture. Every one was astonished, it was so far superior to any thing she had ever done, particularly in the finishing.

Every one was struck with the fidelity of the likenesses, painted as they were chiefly from memory; and great praise was given to the graceful and natural folds of the drapery, and the clearness and beauty of the coloring.

The first prize, a small silver pallette, was unhesitatingly awarded to Josephine Vericour; but to the surprise of every one she showed no indication of joy. She looked anxiously round among her companions to discover who had painted the last part of her picture while she slept. Hearing Julia Dorival commend it, she said, 'Miss Julia, you may well admire your own work. I will not accept of praises, which belong only to you—to your skill in miniature painting, and to the kindness of your heart.'

Julia protested that this language was unintelligible to her, and begged Josephine to explain herself. She did so, and the enigma became still more incomprehensible. Julia positively denied ever having seen the picture before it was produced at the examination. Josephine's statement could not be reconciled to the rules of possibility, and they began to think her mind was affected by intense application to her picture. When the examination was over, the young ladies collected in groups and talked with much feeling of these symptoms of mental derangement in their unfortunate companion. For several weeks after the examination, Josephine allowed her paint-box to remain in the school room closet, and painted under the direction of her master; but though there were marks of daily improvement in her lessons, the miniatures she now attempted were inferior to the mysterious picture.

Being anxious to try again how she could succeed in the solitude of her own apartment, she there commenced a miniature of herself, which if successful, she intended as a present to her mother. By the assistance of the large looking glass that hung over the table, she sketched the outline of her features with great correctness, and after having put on the first tints, she put away the work for that day. She told Julia of the new picture she had begun, and of her anxiety to know whether her nocturnal visiter would again assist her in completing it. 'Dear Miss Julia,' said she, 'do tell me the whole truth. If you wish it, I will keep it secret. Tell me how you contrived to enter my chamber without disturbing my sleep, and how you were able to paint so well by candle-light?'

Julia, surprised to find her still persist in this strange belief, offered to assist her in discovering the truth. 'Place nothing against your door to night; do not even latch it,' said she, 'I have thought of a way of detecting the intruder, who must of course, be one of the young ladies. When discovered, she shall be reprimanded for her part in this strange drama.'

Josephine minutely followed the directions given her. When all in the house were asleep, Julia Dorival placed a taper in a small dark lantern, and proceeded with it to the passage into which Josephine's chamber opened. There she remained patiently watching more than an hour. No one appeared; the clock struck twelve, and Julia began to grow very tired. She was on the point of giving up the adventure, when she was attracted by a slight noise in Josephine's room.

She softly pushed open the door, and by the light of her lantern, she saw Josephine dress herself in her morning gown, walk directly to her table, arrange her painting materials, select her colors, seat herself before the glass, and begin to paint at her own miniature. What was most astonishing of all, she worked without a light! After watching her for a few minutes, Julia took her lantern, and watched behind her chair, as she painted; and she was astonished at the ease and skill with which she guided her pencil, asleep and in darkness.

Julia Dorival was twenty years old, and with a large fund of general information, she was not, of course, ignorant of the extraordinary phenomenon of somnambulism, and of the most remarkable and best

authenticated anecdotes of sleep-walkers. But among all she had ever heard or read on the subject, she recollected none more surprising than the case now before her. She knew, also, that persons under the influence of this singular habit should never be suddenly awakened, as the shock and surprise have been known to cause in them convulsions, or delirium. She therefore carefully avoided disturbing Josephine; and gliding quietly out of the room, she looked at her for some time from the passage, and then gently closing the door, she left her to herself and retired to her own apartment.

Next morning, Julia excited great surprise in her mother and sister, by informing them of what she had seen. They agreed to witness together this interesting spectacle on the following night. When Josephine innocently inquired of Julia the result of her watching, she was told that she should know all to-morrow.

At midnight, the three ladies repaired to the chamber door of Josephine. The sleep walker was just putting on her gown. They saw her seat herself at the table, and begin to paint. They approached close behind her without the smallest noise, venturing to bring their lantern into the room; of its dim light Josephine was entirely unconscious. They saw her mix her colors with great judgment, and lay on the touches of her pencil with the utmost delicacy and precision. Her eyes were open, but she saw not with them; though she frequently raised her head, as if looking in the glass.

Somnambulists see nothing but the object on which their attention is decidedly fixed; yet their conceptions of this object are ascertained to be much clearer and more vivid than when awake. If addressed, they will generally answer coherently, and as if they understood and heard. It is possible to hold a long and very rational dialogue with a sleep-walker; but when awake, they have no recollection of anything that has passed.

Julia ventured to speak in a low voice, 'Well, dear Josephine,' said she, 'you now know who it is that paints in the night at your pictures. You know that it is yourself. Do you hear me?' 'Yes.' 'Does my presence disturb you?' 'No, Miss Julia.' 'But to-morrow, Josephine, you will not believe what I shall tell you.' 'Then it will be because I do not remember it.' 'Will you write something that I shall dictate to you?' 'Certainly.'

Josephine then took up a pencil and wrote as follows, prompted by Julia:

'Midnight—talking with Miss Julia Dorival, and painting at a miniature of myself.

JOSEPHINE VERICOUR.'

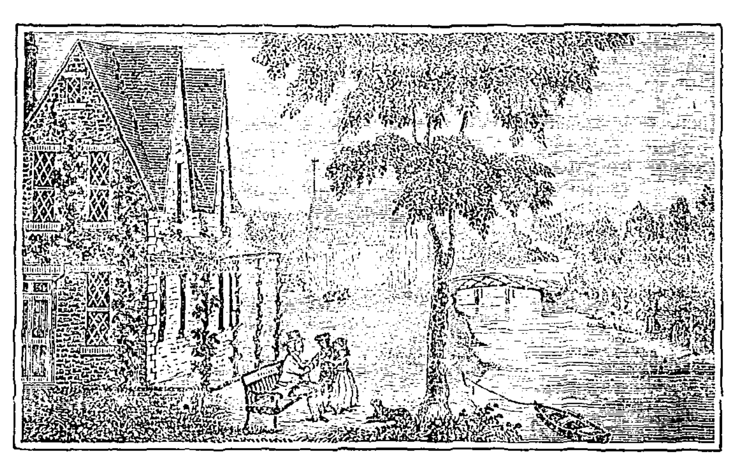
Next morning, Julia had trouble in convincing Josephine of the fact; but her own hand-writing was undeniable evidence.

As there is something strange and awful, and frequently dangerous in the habit of somnambulism, no one wishes to possess it; and Josephine was anxious to get rid of it as soon as possible, although it enabled her to paint much better than when awake.

She would not trust her painting apparatus in her chamber, and she dismissed all thoughts of her miniature from her mind, as soon as she went to bed; consequently she was enabled to rest there as tranquilly as any of her school-mates, who were all much amazed when they heard this singular explanation of the mysterious picture.

Madame Dorival strictly forbade its becoming the subject of conversation. Josephine made vigorous efforts to conquer her timidity in the presence of her master, and in a short time she was able to paint as well under his inspection, as she had done when alone and asleep, in the gloom of midnight.

THE OLD MANSION.
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Sep 7, 1848; 22, 19; American Periodicals
pg. 73



THE OLD MANSION.

In a beautifully secluded spot on the banks of a narrow, rapid river, whose leaping and dashing among the rocks made incessant music, stood an old fashioned mansion. Its rough, grey stone, sharp-pointed gable-ends and narrow windows, gave it a peculiar antique appearance, which was increased by the great quantity of ivy and moss which covered various parts of the building and steep roof. Barns and sheds, for the various purposes of a country mansion, were scattered in different directions, at short distances from the house. On the steps in front of the mansion, might be seen every pleasant day, a large mastiff dog, and a lead-colored Maltese cat, enjoying the luxury of a comfortable nap. On the west of the house, some distance up the river, was a large field, where Molly, the old brindle cow, and Tommy, the family horse, passed the most of their time, cropping grass, drinking water, and sleeping under the shadow of the trees.

This venerable, time-worn building was the residence of Mr. Barlow, a gentleman, who, though not rich, possessed sufficient property to support his family without the necessity of constant toil. He had two children, a boy and girl, to whose education he devoted the most of his attention. He had sent them to a boarding school, in a neighboring town, but not being satisfied with their kind and mode of study, he had recalled them home, for the purpose of becoming himself their teacher. He was impressed with the idea that the relation of parent involved that of teacher, and that where parents have the time, it was much better for them to instruct their children than for strangers. Besides, he was particularly anxious that a good religious influence might be exerted upon his children, and that this influence might be blended with their daily instructions.

He believed that the practice of separating religion from our ordinary thoughts and duties, and presenting it by itself, as something which did not blend with, or had nothing to do with, the daily routine of life, was exceedingly wrong and injurious. It was his opinion that religion should be "mixed with all that we do." It should influence every thought, word and action; whether we study or work, play or pray, eat or drink, we should "do all to the glory of God." Instead, therefore, of taking particular times to talk to his children religiously, and never alluding to the subject at any other periods, he was in the habit of interspersing his usual conversation with religious remarks, and deducing moral and religious inferences from the events of Providence which were occurring around them.

Another idea of Mr. Barlow's was, that the two best books to be studied were Nature and Revelation;—that is, the works of Creation and the Bible. He was enthusiastic in his admiration of the works of the Creator. Nothing that God made was to him uninteresting. It was a favorite employment of his to retire to some shady nook, near by the foaming river, and with some work on Natural History in his hand, to pass the afternoon in reading and reflection. He often told his children that profitable lessons might be learned from the habits of irrational creatures; that

> "Nature hath made nothing so base, but can
> Read some instruction to the wisest man."

In order to interest them in the works of God, he would occasionally go with them on an excursion into the fields and woods, to see what they could find that was new and curious. These rambles he made very entertaining and instructive to his children, by explaining to them many things which they saw, which to them were mysteries. Sometimes the children would go off alone, to see what discoveries they could make, and after their return they would relate all their adventures to their father, who they knew would explain everything to them which they did not understand.

[The above picture is taken from "Wonderful Stories," one of the Volumes of "Banvard's Library Series," which is for sale by the New England S. S. Union, at No 79 Cornhill, Boston. The series comprises eight Volumes. The titles of the stories which Mr. Barlow relates to his children in the book, are, Snakes and Butterflies, a Strange place for Eggs, Correspondence about Wasps, a Splendid Insect, the Ant Lion, another Lion Insect, a Ramble for Discoveries, Ingenious Water Insects, a Broken Leg grown out again, the Strangest Creature of all, the Insect Walking Sticks.]

Nursery.: THE OLD STORY BOOK.
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Sep 11, 1851; 25, 20; American Periodicals
pg. 78

Nursery.

THE OLD STORY BOOK.

Some years ago, when on a summer excursion, I stopped for a few days with a friend who kept a boarding-school for girls. While there, I was invited to preach for the minister of the place. Two of the boarding-school misses, whose acquaintance I had made, went to the lecture, for the purpose of hearing me. I read, as the foundation of the lecture, Ezekiel's description of the valley of vision, the dry bones rising up suddenly to life. On our return, one of the girls said to me, "What a wonderful story that was you told us. Can it be true?"

I assured them it was a true story, but they could hardly believe it, and wondered where I got it. I told them I found it in an old book that was full of the most interesting stories I had ever seen.

"O," said they, "it must be a wonderfully interesting book. How we should like to read it."

"Well," I replied, "you may read it if you like, for it is a very common book, and you may find a copy of it in almost every house."

"O, the Bible! the Bible!" they both exclaimed.

"But how is it," I inquired, "if it is in the Bible, that you never heard of it before? Did you never read the Bible through?"

"Read the Bible through!" exclaimed the eldest, a sprightly girl of 14 or 15, "why I never thought of such a thing!"

I think my readers will agree with me, that she would have been much wiser if she had not only thought of such a thing, but had actually done it many times over. And I should be very much mortified if one of my children should hear a Bible story related, and not know where it came from. But the only way you can guard against thus exposing your ignorance is, to *read the Bible through in course.* A great many children read the Bible only by snatches. They take it up and read a little here or a little there, but never read a single book through. But in this way they can never know what the Bible contains. If you were away from home, and your father should write you a letter, would you be satisfied to read a line or two here, and a sentence there, and then throw it aside? If you should do so, you might miss of the most important thing in the letter. Perhaps he has informed you that he is coming to take you home, and is giving you directions what to do, in order to be ready; but you do not see these directions, and so you will not be ready when he comes. The Bible is a communication from your Father in Heaven, in which he gives you directions how to be ready when he shall come to take you home. But if you miss of them, and are not ready when he comes, you will lose that blessed home in the heavens which he has prepared for his children.

There are many children, who have undertaken to read the Bible through by course once a year. I am acquainted with a young lady, who has read it through ten times, once before she was eight years old; and nine times since,—reading it through every year for five or six years in succession. If any of our readers would like to join the band of Bible readers, on the plan of reading it through once a year, we will put them in the way of doing it. If you read two chapters in the Old Testament every morning, and one in the New Testament every evening; and after completing the New Testament, read at night in Jeremiah, Lamentations, and Ezekiel; with two Psalms extra on the Sabbath, you will complete the whole Bible in a year. And I can assure you, that besides securing a treasure of wisdom and knowledge, you will say after you have read it once, that it is the most interesting book in the world. There is no history of equal interest with the Bible histories; for in them you see the hand of God, tracing out some grand design; and you have God's word for its truth. There is no romance equal to the true stories of Joseph, Ruth, and Esther. There are no fables of equal interest with the parables of the New Testament. There is no other poetry like the book of Job and the songs of Moses and David. There is no rhetoric that equals the sublime strains of Isaiah. There are no wonders of science equal to the deep mysteries of revealed truth. The Bible is full of the "seeds of things." It is the foundation of all true knowledge, the basis of all wisdom. It is a shame to be ignorant of it, whatever else you may know. And the more you read it, the more deeply will you become interested in it. If you read an entertaining book of man's production once, you are satisfied. You seldom desire to look into it again. But every time you read the Book of God, you see new beauties and behold new wonders; and this will continue to be increasingly true, if you live to be a hundred years old, and read it every day. It is like a mine of gold, and silver, and precious stones, covered over with iron and brass—these heavy metals, the most necessary to man's use, lying on the surface; the silver and gold, not absolutely necessary, but very useful, lying next below; and then as you dig deep into the mine, every new vein you open discovers rubies, and diamonds, and precious stones, of surpassing excellence and surprising beauty.—*N. Y. Obs.*

Moral Tales.: ORIGINAL. THE ORPHAN.
Ella
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Mar 30, 1848; 21, 48; American Periodicals
pg. 189

Moral Tales.

ORIGINAL.

THE ORPHAN.

It was Saturday noon. Happy children were returning home from school, swinging their satchels, tossing up their caps, and chasing one another in all the wild gaiety, which, pent up for the whole preceding week, now burst forth in a gush of gladness, like the carol of the freed bird, as he soars away on the blue ether, bearing the prison bars which detained, and the hand that fed him, forgetful of all, save newly acquired liberty.

The children slackened their pace wonderfully as they reached S—— street. What could have sobered all their little faces so suddenly? That which must, methinks, speak to every human heart, young or old;—a funeral train. The carriages were few, of mourners there were scarcely any. In the first carriage that followed the hearse, was seated a little girl, dressed in the deepest mourning, and an elderly gentleman, who, though he seemed deeply to sympathise with the little sufferer, was evidently, from his garb, not a relative of the deceased.

"Oh! it is Abby Selwyn's mother, I guess," said one of the children; "she told me the last time she was at school that her mother was very sick, and she shouldn't come any more."

The funeral procession passed on, and reached the church yard. The little girl was lifted from the carriage by the kind gentleman who accompanied her. The coffin lid was raised for a moment, ere the remains were deposited in their last resting-place. The child broke from the hand which held her, sprang forward, and throwing herself upon the coffin, clung to it with convulsive sobs, and her piteous cry of, "Mother, mother," went to the hearts of all the beholders. It is a blessed thing for childhood that it may find relief for its bitterest sorrow in tears. Bitter sorrows indeed were those of little Abby Selwyn. That mother, stretched so still and lifeless before her, was the last of her kindred, and the orphan was now thrown upon the wide world, I will not say friendless, for there is one, the "Father of the fatherless," who looked upon that little lonely one with more than a father's love.

Mr. Selwyn upon his decease, had left but little property, and that having been greatly reduced by the sickness and death of nearly all the family, was now barely sufficient for the support and education of the sole survivor. The old gentleman, before spoken of, had been appointed her guardian, but being an unmarried man, he had no home to which he might take his youthful charge, and she was therefore sent to a boarding school at a distance from her native city.

Abby was twelve years old when she entered Miss Allen's school. She was as miserable as one might expect for the first week. Sad thoughts of the departed would often fill her eyes with unbidden tears, and she felt indeed friendless and alone. Her schoolmates, most of them nearly her own age, were kind to her, and at length she suffered them to lead her away to join in their games, and her pale sad little face sometimes relaxed into a smile. She was very attentive to her studies, and promised fair to become an excellent scholar. We will not enter into the details of her school life during the five ensuing years. They passed away, adding much to her stock of knowledge, and gradually developing the feelings of the child into those of the woman, she formed only one intimate acquaintance, and she deserves some description.

Mary Emmons was two years older than Abby. She was not attractive in her appearance. She had often sighed when she beheld herself reflected in the mirror, for she was a true lover of beauty, but she had too strong a mind to allow her external appearance to become a source of discontent. That she could not alter; the mind and heart formed a field upon which she bestowed abundant care, and she was well rewarded. Graces, rarely met with, adorned her character, and these united with good sense, and a lofty tone of intellect, endeared her to all who knew her well, and won for her the respect of others. Such was the companion who exerted an unbounded influence upon Abby Selwyn; need we say that her influence was good?

Every year Mary spent her summer vacation of six weeks at home. Abby, having no home to go to, was obliged to stay at school all the year round. The fourth summer came, with all its soft beauty and fragrance, and she was anticipating the separation between herself and Mary, which the vacation would make. It wanted only two weeks of the time, as one beautiful evening, the two friends were seated on the door step conversing together in a low tone of voice. The moonbeams played through the leaves around them, and the stars looked down silently upon the green earth. It was an hour they were wont to spend together when the duties of the day were over, and the pupils of Miss Allen were allowed to enjoy themselves as they pleased.

"Oh! Mary," said Abby, "I do not love to have you go away. Think how lonely I shall be, all these delightful summer evenings, while you are at home among those you love." "Well, dearest, the vacation will soon be over, and then we shall enjoy each other's society all the better for having been separated." "How can you be so philosophic, Mary? Here am I bemoaning myself at the thoughts of your absence, while you coolly reply that we shall be the happier for it, bye and bye. It is very well for you to say so, who are going *home*, but think of poor me left behind, when they have all gone."

"I am very sorry indeed for you," said Mary gently, "but do you not think that when disappointments and trials are unavoidable, it is wisest to bear them cheerfully?"

"Oh yes, I suppose it is *wisest*, but is it natural? I know I shall never be able to bear them as you do."

"It is not natural, Abby, I allow, for us to do right, but are we placed in this world for the purpose of gratifying our desires, and yielding to our impulses? I think I do feel grateful that our Heavenly Father has placed before us high and noble ends to be attained, and that we have souls which cannot be satisfied with any earthly pleasure."

Abby looked up at her friend's face as she said this. It was radiant with a serene happiness, and she felt that Mary had indeed higher hopes than those of earth, to which she herself was a stranger. Mary had spoken the truth when she said that she was sorry for Abby, and she was one of those friends who are not contented with the expression of kind feelings. She wrote to her mother, stating her wish that she would send an invitation to her young friend to accompany her home. An answer in the affirmative was soon received, and Mary hastened, with the letter containing the joyful news in her hand, to Abby, who went into such raptures upon the occasion, that Mary told her she was afraid the reality would scarcely possess an equal charm for her.

It was about the middle of July when the stage stopped at B——, in the western part of the State of New York. There was a long avenue leading up to Mr. Emmons' house, so the girls told the driver to leave their baggage at the gate, and they would send a man for it. They commenced walking up the avenue, and expected to take the family by surprise, but they had evidently been seen, for some one was coming from the house to meet them with a servant behind him. "Why Charles," said Mary, bounding forward, "I did not know you had got home;

how glad I am to see you." Then remembering her friend, she said, "here is Abby Selwyn, my brother; she is going to spend all the vacation with me." Poor Abby did not look quite so delighted as Mary, for she was rather diffident, and the idea of seeing a stranger and a young gentleman in her dusty travelling attire was rather disagreeable to her, but Charles Emmons was so entertaining, that she soon forgot every uncomfortable feeling in the charm of his conversation. The servant went for their trunks, and the rest walked towards the house.

Mr. Emmons was a country gentleman in easy circumstances, and possessed of good taste, so that his place was exceedingly well laid out, and at this season of the year, appeared to the best advantage. The house was situated on a rising ground, which afforded an extensive and varied prospect, and at the back of the house was a fine pond belonging to the estate. Abby thought she had never seen so beautiful a place, nor was she less pleased with the inmates of the dwelling they now entered. She found Mr. and Mrs. Emmons very hospitable and kind, and they seemed to wish to make her feel rather as a relative who had some claim upon them, than as a visitor.

Never did Abby pass six weeks so delightfully. Sails on the pond, horseback rides, long walks in the woods with Charles and Mary, every thing seemed crowded into that one short vacation, to make her, as she supposed, the happiest of human beings. And what was it that shed such a glow over all her pleasures? Abby did not ask herself until the last evening of their stay in B——. Then the thought of leaving this beautiful spot, where she had enjoyed so many happy hours, in the society most agreeable to her, for the continuous round of school duties to which she must return, was too painful for her. She wept when no one could see her, till long after midnight, and when she at last fell into a troubled slumber, one object, dearly, too dearly loved, continually presented itself to her excited imagination. Unable at last to endure either her waking or sleeping thoughts, she rose, threw a shawl around her, and leaned upon the sill of the open window. The gentle night wind cooled her fevered cheek, and she began to feel more composed, when suddenly there broke upon her ear, a strain of sweet music. She listened, and mingled with other voices, were the well known tones of him she loved. Does he love me, thought she, and has he intended this as a farewell token of affection? Or does he mean this pleasure for his sister also?

Again were the friends seated in Miss Allen's school-room. Abby did not seem to relish her studies as much as formerly, and Miss Allen could not but wonder at the change which had come over her pupil. She did not inquire the cause, however, and perhaps no one would have guessed it, had not Mary received a letter from her brother, some three months after their return to school, which she put into Abby's hand to read. The first few lines were enough. "*Married*," said she, and she sunk on the floor, senseless and fainting. Mary afforded her all the assistance in her power, and she soon revived. From that hour, Abby Selwyn was an altered being. Mary reproached herself for not having told her long before, that Charles had been engaged for several years to the young lady who had now become his wife; and then, said she, a little forethought would have spared all this trouble.

A great change had come over the young girl's life; but who could regret it when it was followed by such blessed effects. Hitherto she had lived for herself. Henceforth, she determined by Divine assistance to lead a new life; she felt that she could never love another as she had loved Charles Selwyn, but in devoting herself to the service of Christ, she found a higher, holier enjoyment, than any she had ever before experienced. She acknowledged that her Father had removed one by one her earthly blessings, only that he might draw her to himself. Her guardian died soon after she left Miss Allen's school, and as her property was by this time nearly exhausted, she was obliged to take charge of a school to gain the means of support. She acted the part of a faithful, devoted teacher in New England, for a few years, and then departed to foreign lands, to make known, as far as was in her power, to others, the blessedness of that religion which was all her life and hope. She will receive her reward, for "He is faithful that hath promised." ELLA.

NARRATIVE.: THE PASSIONATE BOY, OR THE EFFECT OF IMPROPER INDULGENCE.
Presbyterian
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Mar 17, 1837; 10, 44; American Periodicals
pg. 173

NARRATIVE.

THE PASSIONATE BOY, OR THE EFFECT OF IMPROPER INDULGENCE.

Mr. Coles was a manufacturer of considerable eminence, who by persevering industry had acquired a large property. When his business became prosperous he married a young lady, who had been educated at a boarding school, and whose time had been occupied in studies which were of no manner of use to her in the management of her family. It might be supposed therefore, that her children were spoiled by indulgence. As her husband was much occupied in his business, the children were entrusted to her care: and as she seldom restrained or corrected them, and always concealed their faults as much as possible from their father, they became very unruly and quarrelsome. One Autumn three out of four of her children died with a fever that prevailed in the neighborhood, but this affliction had no good effect upon her in causing her to change her plan in bringing up Frederick, who was now her only child, for she indulged him in every wish, and would not suffer him to be corrected. This, instead of being kind was very cruel treatment, as we shall presently see. Frederick at a very early age showed his angry temper, and he became such a little tyrant that the very dogs and cats about the house appeared to be afraid of him. When he was three years old he one day insisted that he would have the silver tea urn that he might tie a string to it and drag it about the room for a coach. His mother thought that this was too unreasonable a demand, and gently refused it, but as Frederick had not been used to contradiction he flew into a violent passion, and seizing his mother's cap he tore it from her head. Instead of correcting him for this very wicked conduct, his mother gave him sweet meats to pacify him, and promised to take him out a walking to show him some very pretty sights. Every week Frederick became more passionate, for bad tempers become worse and worse if they are not restrained: anger especially when it is often indulged, makes people so furious that they scarcely know what they are doing. An instance of this kind in Frederick occurred when he was only ten years old. He had gone into the kitchen, where the servants generally let him do as he pleased, as they were afraid of displeasing him because they knew his temper, and because he was as they called him among themselves, "mama's young pet lion." He had not been long there before he had upset the table, knocked down the shovel and tongs, and broke several plates. Not satisfied with this he collected all the tins in a pile on the floor, and began battering them with the tongs. The cook maid not very well pleased to see such destruction, at length took him by the arm and attempted to lead him out of the kitchen, but the little fury shrieking and scratching got free, and seizing a fork, he threw it at the woman, and struck her directly in the eye, by which she lost the sight of it forever after. Thus was an industrious woman made to suffer dreadful pain and a very serious loss, by the wicked anger of this little boy. He did not however always escape the just punishment of his bad temper. Shortly after the occurrence we have related, Frederick was playing at the front door of the house, when a town's boy passing on the other side of the street, called out aloud, "Hallo, master Fred, have you put any more people's eyes out lately." This was enough to excite his anger; he immediately picked up a large stone, and chasing the boy for some distance without being able to overtake him, he threw it with all his force. The stone missed its mark, but struck a large bull dog so severe a blow that he was not willing to take it quietly, but considering himself unjustly attacked, he turned upon master Fred, and having given him a severe bite in the leg he tossed him into the gutter. Fred roared with pain and rage, and had to be carried home to his bed, where he was confined for several weeks. All the people of the town who knew his temper and who heard the story, instead of pitying him, thought the dog had done a very praiseworthy act. The father of Frederick perceiving that his son's temper was growing worse, and that he was entirely beyond his management, especially whilst his mother was always making excuses for his bad conduct, determined to send him to a school about 20 miles from home,

the master of which was said to be a very strict man. Here Frederick was in continual broils with his companions, and there was scarcely a boy in the school with whom he had not a fight; but he generally came off with a bleeding nose or a black eye, because his passion was always so violent, that the boys who kept more cool and collected, were an overmatch for him. It must not be supposed that his school mates generally loved fighting, but this angry boy would fly at them for the most trifling thing, and force them to defend themselves. Fred made considerable progress at school, for he had good talents for learning, so that when he was 18 years old his father offered to take him into partnership in his business. In this situation he continued to behave pretty well, until his father's death, when he became heir of his property, and as he loved amusement more than busines, he soon sold the manufactory, and went on his travels to Europe. In the course of his travels he was very dissipated, and fought two duels in both of which he was slightly wounded. On his return to the United States he soon found his mother's company very disagreeable, for she had now become religious, and with tears besought her son to alter his conduct. "I know," she would say, "I am very much to blame that I did not bring you up in the fear of God: but oh, let me have the pleasure of seeing you turn to the Lord by sincere repentance before I die." Frederick's face would flush with anger when his mother addressed him in this strain, for the wicked hate reproof, and as he found he could not enjoy his wickedness in peace at home, he left his mother and went to the Western States. Scarcely had six months elapsed, before news was brought to his afflicted mother that her son had committed murder. "Oh," said she, when the sad tidings reached her, "the cup of my misery is full; I must sink under this painful blow, but, Lord, I acknowledge that it is no more than I deserve."

A few days after, the unhappy mother expired, and her last words were a prayer to God for her miserable son. It appeared that Frederick had become engaged in a tavern with a number of his wicked companions talking politics, when one of them calling him a liar, his angry temper, which he had so long indulged, was so much excited that he drew a dirk and stabbed his companion to the heart. He immediately fled from justice, but he could not flee from his guilty conscience. Wherever he went the image of the murdered man tormented him; by day and by night he was wretched, and as he had no love for God and had never been accustomed to pray, he attempted to drown his feelings in intoxication. His health soon failed, and before he was 23 years old, he was laid in his grave. Just before he died, being in great horror of mind, he cried aloud, "All these miseries have come upon me, because I have not obeyed God, but given way to my accursed anger!"

[*Presbyterian.*

Moral Tales.: ORIGINAL. THE SCHOOL TEACHER.
J G
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Aug 1, 1850; 24, 14; American Periodicals
pg. 53

Moral Tales.

ORIGINAL.

THE SCHOOL TEACHER.

"Oh, mother, are you not surprised that Clara Thurston has taken a school in N.? Should you not think Mr. Thurston would be ashamed to let her teach, when he is known to be so wealthy?"

"I should, indeed, be astonished, did I not think that you have been misinformed. It cannot be that he has kept Clara at a boarding school for three years, in order that she might be fitted to teach a parcel of dirty, ignorant children in N——. Who told you that she had taken a school, my dear!"

"I met Lucy Levant, at Mrs. L.'s this afternoon; they were talking about it, when I went in. Lucy says that Charles Bently, who, you know, has been very attentive to Clara, since she left school, says he will have nothing more to say to her. He thinks that she does not possess a very fine disposition, probably her indifference to him gave him that idea; and teaching school at N—— will not serve to improve it."

The subject of this conversation was an only child, and from the time that she could make known her wants and wishes, they had all been gratified by her loving parents. But this indulgence did not have the effect which it generally has; it did not make Clara selfish, and perverse; but as she saw self-denial practised by her parents, she also, learned to forget herself, in promoting the happiness of those around her. And on her return from school, where she had graduated with much honor, she was perfectly willing to comply with the requst which her father made, that she should teach school for a short time, in order to become even more familiar with what she had learned.

Those who seemed so interested in the young school teacher, were Mrs. Watson and her daughter. Mrs. Watson was a widow, and Sarah was her only child. She was not wealthy, but with the interest derived from eight hundred dollars, together with money obtained by the private sale of artificial flowers, she managed to keep up quite a fashionable appearance. They had imbibed the false notion that so extensively prevails, that labor is disgraceful, and they preferred to deprive themselves of many comforts, rather than to make artificial flowers on a large scale, and have it known to the world.

But to return to our heroine. As all strange events soon cease to be wondered at, the matter of Clara Thurston's taking a school was soon forgotten. Mrs. Watson and daughter found other subjects for tittle-tattle, and Mr. Charles Bently, who would have nothing to say to a school teacher, became the devoted admirer of an artful artificial flower maker. But time passed away, and with it the remembrance of Clara Thurston. She had taken the school for three months only; but at the end of that time, she was invited to continue her teaching, and as she loved the children, and was beloved by them, she accepted the invitation. She was but twenty miles from home, and therefore could often see her parents; but while visiting them, she never went into society, and consequently but little was seen of her in her native town. After teaching about two years, however, she returned home, looking as she had ever looked, very pretty, and with as sweet a disposition as you would wish a young lady to possess. She was a great favorite with all but Mrs. Watson and Sarah; who, not knowing how matters stood, feared that Charles Bently might be induced to have something to say to a school teacher. Thus matters stood, when one afternoon about four months after Miss Thurston's return, the inhabitants of B—, where Mr. Thurston resided, were very much surprised to see a splendid coach, drawn by two beautiful horses, roll along the street, and stop at Mr. Thurston's door. Curiosity was all alive to know from whence came the carriage, and whose it was. They knew that it could not belong to Mr. Thurston, for although he possessed the means, yet he would not be likely to purchase so expensive a carriage. All that the most inquisitive could discover, was, that there was a foreigner stopping at Mr. Thurston's, and that probably the coach belonged to him; but what he was there for, no one could tell. The foreigner's business at B— was still involved in obscurity, when on the second afternoon after his arrival, the coach was brought to the door. He came out, accompanied by Miss Clara, and after having seated her, he placed himself at her side, and speaking to the driver, they started for a ride about town. All eyes were intently fixed upon them. Some disinterested persons prophesied a speedy wedding; but the envious ones thought nothing more absurd. The truth was, they could not believe that such good future was in store for the young school teacher. They were determined to know the whole, however, and with this intention, they lost no opportunity of gaining information. It was astonishing to notice what attention Mrs. Thurston's domestics received; the most aristocratic lady in B—, would stop if she met one of them in the street, and inquire after the family, and how they were getting along. And when they called on the neighboring kitchen girls, they were invited into the dining-room, and were there received by the Mistress, and interrogated with regard to the affairs of the Thurston family. At last there came from N., where Clara Thurston had formerly taught school, a lady who solved the mystery, and explained why the foreigner was visiting at Mr. Thurston's. She said he was an Englishman, who left his home to visit the United States, that as he was wealthy, and had time enough, he determined to visit not only the great cities, but the principal towns; and as he was passing along, he stopped at N. It happened that in one of his rambles, he passed the school house where Miss Clara taught school, and being curious to see the interior, he went in. He was astonished to find so accomplished a lady as Miss Thurston in her conversation proved to be, and on his return to the hotel where he stopped, he informed the landlord that he had decided to stop some time with him. He remained in N. about three weeks, and then left with the understanding that he was to return in six months, and claim Clara as his bride. And she in the meantime was to close her school, and prepare for his coming. When this was made known to the inhabitants of B—, they were not slow to guess the conclusion of the whole matter. And though some were loth to believe it, they were at length compelled to do so, for in a week from the stranger's arrival, Miss Clara had changed her name from Thurston to Gordon, and departed with her husband for England. Mr. Bently, it was said, felt when it was too late, that he had lost a treasure; but to console himself he took Miss Sarah Watson "for better, for worse;" and she supported him by *making artificial flowers.*

J. G.

Gorham, Me., 1850.

Learning.

ORIGINAL.

THE SCHOOL-MATES.—NO. I.

Emma K—— and Susan L——, were early friends. Their parents lived within a stone's throw of each other, so that they were often together, and as they trudged along to the village school, they were as happy as two little girls with kind parents, pleasant homes and loving hearts, could be. Year after year they spent almost constantly together, never dreaming that a day of separation would ever come.

Near where they lived there was a very large tree, under which they often met.—It was here, that in pleasant weather, they brought their books, and together learned their lessons; and here, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, they took their sewing, and while they nimbly plied their needles, had a pleasant chat.

One pleasant afternoon in September, Emma was the first in their place of meeting, and sad and dispirited she leaned her head on her hand, while the tears slowly trickled through her fingers. Soon Susie arrived, and astonished to see her usually happy friend in tears, threw her arms around her neck, and tenderly inquired into the cause of her grief.

'Oh, Susie!' sobbed she, 'how can I go away from here, and leave my home, and you too?'

'Why, where are you going, Emma dear?' inquired Susie.

Emma then informed her of their determination to send her away to a boarding school, some miles distant, and it was the thought of leaving home, and all her kind friends, which caused her sorrow.

'Oh, is that all?' said Susan, gaily, 'wipe up your tears, and try to be cheerful, and I will ask my father and mother to let me go too.'

A new thought struck Emma! Could her dear Susie go with her, it would not be so very dreadful, after all. So, looking up, and smiling through her tears, she said, 'Susie, do you think they will let you go?'

'I do not know,' replied Susie, 'but come, let us go now and ask them.'

So together they went to Susie's home, hoping, yet hardly daring to hope, that their wish would be gratified.

Mr. and Mrs. L—— listened patiently to Susie's account. It was a new idea to them. They did not know how they could make up their minds to part with their only daughter, even for a short time, but when Emma looked pleadingly up into their faces, and said, 'Oh, do let her go, and I shall be *so* happy!' they promised her they 'would think of it.'

And they did think of it, and at length decided that she should go, and earnestly prayed that the blessing of God might go with her, and that she might return to them, not only a fond loving daughter, as she had ever been, but a child of God, a faithful Christian.

They were to leave home in about a week, and at both houses all were busy in making preparations for their departure.—At last all was ready, the last stitch had been taken, the last article arranged in the well-packed trunks, farewell words and kind admonitions had been exchanged, and our two friends were on their way to N—. The ride was long and tedious, and glad enough were they, when they reached their journey's end. They were ushered into a pleasant, cheerful parlor, and warmly greeted by Miss Merton, one of the teachers of the institution. As they were very tired, they were allowed to eat alone and retire immediately to their room, which they were to share together.

'How strange everything looks,' said Emma, when they were alone. 'I wish I were at home again.'

'Don't feel so,' said Susie, 'you know that it was best for us to come here, and I think we shall like very much after we get rested. Did you notice how kind Mrs. Merton was, and what a sweet expression she has? I almost know I shall love her.'

'I wish that I felt as happy as you do, Susie, but let us go to sleep now, and we shall see how we like when morning comes.' Then they knelt by the bedside, and thanked their Heavenly Father for his kind care over them during the day, and asked his blessing upon the loved ones at home; for they had both been taught by their pious parents, to kneel in prayer before they slept.

The next morning the sun shone brightly when they awoke, and on looking out of the window they both exclaimed, 'How beautiful!' It was indeed a lovely spot, and the grounds about the seminary were laid out with much care.

As they entered the breakfast room, they felt rather shy, for they were entire strangers to all before them; but kind Miss Merton came smilingly forward and introduced them to about forty misses, mostly from the ages of twelve to sixteen years, who were seated at a long table.

During the forenoon, they were classed according to their rank, and lessons were assigned them. They also became a little acquainted with several of the pupils, and rejoiced that they were placed under the care of Miss Merton. LOUISE.

THE SILVER BUCKLE.
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Jun 17, 1858; 32, 24; American Periodicals
pg. 93



THE SILVER BUCKLE.

Is any among you afflicted, let him pray. James v. 13
I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me. Prov. viii. 17.

Children often hear of the efficacy of prayer, that God will hear and answer them, and that they will feel happier, and become better and wiser, if they often go to him in prayer. And yet, it is to be feared, they too often content themselves with repeating their morning and evening prayers, thinking that these are all that is necessary. They think it inconvenient to pray at other times in the day. Their studies, their work, or their play, may engage or interest them so much, that they may have no time to give to God. If they have been happy they often neglect to thank God at the moment of receiving the blessing as they should do an earthly friend, when he confers a benefit upon them. In like manner, if overtaken by any vexation or accident, they vent their feeling in complaints or regrets, perhaps without lifting their hearts to God for relief and for a patient spirit, to submit to what he has thought best to order. God does not always answer prayer in the way that we desire; but he does far better.—He does it in the way he thinks best. If he does not free the praying child from trouble, he will make him feel submissive and happier. The following story was related to me sometime ago, and may perhaps explain and enforce my meaning.

'When I was a boy about ten years old,' said an elderly friend, 'I was sent to a boarding-school many miles distant from my home. At the moment of bidding me farewell, my mother placed in my hands, as a parting gift, a pair of silver shoe buckles, which in those days were universally worn. She clasped me closely, and wept bitterly as she gave me the last kiss; and her sweet voice is still sounding in my ears. I shall never forget these words: 'Henry, my dear son, you are leaving your mother, and you can no longer kneel at her side, at your morning and evening prayers. I cannot believe that you will neglect these accustomed duties, when we are separated; but do not forget to lift your heart to God sometimes in the course of the day. *If you are happy or in trouble look to God in prayer.* Perhaps this little gift may sometimes remind you of my parting injunction.'

'I remember I felt very unhappy for some time, in being separated from one whom I loved so dearly; but my school-fellows were kind and social, and I soon became interested in my occupation.—Though I never omited to say my morning and evening prayers, ye soon lost the habit of repeating those intermediate prayers, which I had imposed upon myself immediately after leaving home; and though I seldom, if ever, looked at my buckles without thinking of my dear mother, it is strange I should so soon have ceased to remember her request. Perhaps I was not altogether convinced of the necessity of praying more than twice a day; or perhaps I was disappointed at not feeling so happy as I expected from this exercise, because my heart was not engaged in the work. True it was, that when I had repeated these prayers, they were merely formal and unmeaning, without feeling, and without sincerity.

'Time passed on, and the summer was nearly over, when, on a delightful afternoon, I was running to school, in company with two of my school-fellows, after a ramble of two hours, which we had been permitted to take, as a reward for our good behavior. The road through which we were passing was extremely dusty; and to avoid this inconvenience, as well as to get home the sooner, as it was getting late, one of the boys proposed taking a short cut through a large field of high grass which was nearly adjoining our teacher's house. Now this was forbidden ground, as the master had strictly enjoined us sometime before never to go through that field, for which he had his own reasons.

'We stopped for a few moments to consider whether we had better obey or disobey; but the thought that we should probably be punished for having overstaid the time allotted for our walk, decided us to choose the shorter way. So through the forbidden field we went, each one conscious that he was not acting exactly right; and the difficulty we had in getting along, made it appear as if this way was quite as long as the other.

'We all felt relieved when we reached the end of the field, and 'I'm glad we are out of this wearisome place!' were the first words I uttered. They had scarcely fallen from my lips, when casting my eyes accidentally on my foot, I discovered that one of my buckles was gone! I cannot describe the thrill of anguish that rent my heart at this moment. My mother's parting gift—how could I give it up? It was almost like parting with her very self. I *must* return to look for it; and with entreaties and tears, I besought my companions to go back with me. With great difficulty they were prevailed upon to accompany me in the search, as it was nearly dark, and if they were not at the school house at the ringing of the bell, they would be severely punished. They were disinterested enough, when they saw my great distress, to hasten back with me.—But what a hopeless, weary task was before us! The great field, with its high grass, presented to us no path, no track by which we might be enabled to retrace our footsteps.

'We separated, and wandered back and forth as well as we were able, endeavoring to find the path, through which we had passed, and regain my lost treasure. But to no purpose was our search. The two boys at length exclaimed, 'It's no use, Henry. We may as well give it up. And if we run hard, we may, perhaps, reach home before we are found out.' So I told them to go and leave me, and I would soon follow them; and again I turned back into the field, and walked on till I was surrounded by the grass.

'How unhappy, how desolate I felt! It seemed as if nobody in the world *could* feel so wretched as I, the more so, as there was none to feel for me, and my trouble appeared without remedy. 'What *shall* I do?' I exclaimed. 'Is there not one friend who can pity or relieve me?—If my dear mother were here, even she'—I stopped, as my eye rested on the remaining buckle. For an instant the parting scene was before me, and my mother's last words again sounded in my ears: '*If you are happy, if you are in trouble, look to God in prayer.*' I involuntarily fell upon my knees. I *did* look to God in prayer. I felt that there was one friend who could pity and relieve, and how happy was I to go to Him! It seemed as if I had never prayed before. Though I did plead for the recovery of my mother's prized gift, yet I prayed that God would enable me to submit to his will with patience and cheerfulness; and before I rose from my knees, I was perfectly willing that God should relieve me in the way he thought best. What a change in my feelings was effected by that prayer! A heavy load was taken off my heart, and feeling that God would order all things aright, it was almost with a light step that I hastened homeward. I still continued my search, and in a few moments, I snatched at my long sought buckle as it lay shining at my feet.

'I knelt again to pour out my thanks for this striking instance of the goodness of God; and then I felt that if it was happy to pray in trouble, it was most happy to give thanks for deliverance from that trouble. From that hour I resolved to begin a new course of life, and that when *I was happy, when I was in trouble, I would look up to God in prayer.*

'I ran swiftly home, and although it was almost dark when I reached it, yet owing to some unusual engagement of our teacher, the bell had not yet rung. My absence had not therefore been perceived, and my disobedience might not have been discovered. But I felt that concealment was only increasing my guilt, and pressing heavily upon my conscience. So soon as my teacher took his seat, I walked up to him and related my story, leaving out only the names of my companions, which I begged he would not make me disclose. I had scarcely finished speaking, however, before they both stood at my side, each one declaring that he had persuaded me to go through the forbidden field, and entreating the master to forgive me and punish them.

'Our teacher, who was the clergyman of the village, was affected by, and much interested in all that he had heard. He spoke to us seriously and impressively, and hoped the lesson I had learned might be profitable to my companions likewise; adding, 'My young friends, with this evidence of repentance on your part, and in my present state of feeling, regarding the occurrences of the afternoon, I could not consistently punish you, and I hope that Henry's experience may induce many of this little flock to adopt this motto as their rule in life, '*When we are happy, when we are in trouble, we will look up to God in prayer.*—*Children's Mag.*

NARRATIVE.: THE SILVER BUCKLE, OR THE SILENT MONITOR.
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Dec 14, 1838; 12, 31; American Periodicals
pg. 121

NARRATIVE.

THE SILVER BUCKLE, OR THE SILENT MONITOR.

Children often hear of the efficacy of prayer, that God will hear and answer them, and that they will feel happier, and become better and wiser, if they often go to him in prayer. And yet, it is to be feared, they too often content themselves with repeating their morning and evening prayers, thinking that the exercises are all that is necessary. They may think it inconvenient to pray at other times in the day. Their studies, their work, or their play, may engage and interest them so much, that they may have no time to give to God. If they have been made happy, they often neglect to thank God at the moment of receiving the blessing, as they would do an earthly friend, when he confers a benefit upon them. In like manner, if overtaken by any vexation or accident, they will vent their feelings in complaints or regrets, perhaps without lifting their hearts to God for relief, and for a patient spirit, to submit to what he has thought best to order. God does not always answer prayer in the way that we desire; but he does far better. He does it in the way that he thinks best. If he does not free the praying child from trouble, he will make him feel submissive and happier. The following story was related to me some time ago, and may perhaps explain and enforce my meaning.

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"I remember I felt very unhappy for some time, in being separated from one whom I loved so dearly; but my school-fellows were kind and social, and I soon became interested in my new occupations. Though I never omitted to say my morning and evening prayers, yet I soon lost the habit of repeating those intermediate prayers, which I had imposed upon myself immediately after leaving home; and though I seldom, if ever, looked at my buckles without thinking of my dear mother, it is strange I should so soon have ceased to remember her parting request. Perhaps I was not altogether convinced of the necessity of praying more than twice a day; or perhaps I was disappointed in not feeling so happy as I expected from this exercise, because my heart was not engaged in the work. True it was, that when I had repeated these prayers, they were merely formal and unmeaning, without feeling, and without sincerity.

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"We stopped for a few moments to consider, whether we had better obey, or disobey; but the thought that we should probably be punished for having overstaid the time allotted for our walk, decided us to choose the shorter way. So through the forbidden field we went. We walked along in silence through the thick high grass, each one conscious that he was not acting exactly right; and the difficulty we had in getting along, made it appear as if this way was quite as long as the other.

"We all felt relieved when we reached the end of the field, and "I'm right glad we are out of that wearisome place!" were the first words I uttered. They had scarcely fallen from my lips, when casting my eyes accidentally on my foot, I discovered that one of my buckles was gone! I cannot describe the thrill of anguish that rent my heart at that moment. My mother's parting gift! How could I give it up? It was almost like parting with her very self. I *must* return to look for it; and with entreaties and tears I besought my companions to go back with me. With great difficulty they were prevailed upon to accompany me in the search, as it was nearly dark, and if they were not at the school house at the ringing of the bell they would be severely punished. They were disinterested enough, when they saw my great distress, to hasten back with me. But what a hopeless, weary task was before us! The great field with its high grass, presented to us no path, no track by which we might be enabled to retrace our footsteps.

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best. What a change in my feelings was effected by that short prayer! A heavy load seemed taken off my heart; and feeling that God would order all things aright, it was almost with a light step that I hastened homeward. I still continued my search, and in a few moments, almost wild with joy, I snatched my long sought buckle, as it lay shining at my feet!

"I knelt again to pour out my thanks for this striking instance of the goodness of God; and I then felt that if it was happy to pray in trouble, it was most happy to give thanks for deliverance from that trouble. From that hour I resolved to begin a new course of life, and that *when I was happy, when I was in trouble, I would look up to God in prayer.*

"I ran swiftly home, and although it was almost dark when I reached it, yet owing to some unusual engagement of our teacher, the bell had not yet rung. My absence had not therefore been perceived, and my disobedience might not have been discovered. But I felt that concealment was only increasing my guilt, and pressing heavily upon my conscience. So, as soon as my teacher had taken his seat, I walked up to him and related my story, leaving out only the names of my companions, which I begged he would not make me disclose. I had scarcely finished speaking, however, before they both stood at my side; each declaring that he had persuaded me to go through the forbidden field, and entreating the master to forgive me and punish them.

"Our teacher, who was the clergyman of the village, was affected by, and much interested in all that he had heard. He spoke to us seriously and impressively, and hoped the lesson I had learned, might be profitable to my companions likewise; adding, "My young friends, with this evidence of repentance on your part, and in my present state of feeling regarding the occurrences of the afternoon, I could not consistently punish you, and I hope that Henry's experience may induce many of this little flock to adopt this motto as their rule in life, "*When we are happy, when we are in trouble, we will go to God in prayer.*"—*Child's Mag.*

Moral Tales.: ORIGINAL. THE SISTERS. Chapter 3. Chapter 4.
PUSSY MACFIDE
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Apr 19, 1855; 28, 52; American Periodicals
pg. 205

Moral Tales.

ORIGINAL.

THE SISTERS.

BY PUSSY MACFIDE.

Chapter 3.

Judge Raymond had long designed taking Kittie to Europe, as a reward for her industry and application to her studies.—And now, having made arrangements with his sister to leave her country residence, and pass the time with Lena, all was in readiness for the consummation of his plans.

The morning on which they were to sail, dawned in great splendor. The parting scene had at length drawn nigh. Kittie, with tears in her eyes was exhorting Lena to 'write often,' when Mr. Raymond approached, and drawing his arm about her, said pettingly, 'My dear Lena, what would you like best that I should bring you as a present?' supposing she would name some article of dress or jewelry—when to his surprise she replied, 'I don't know—I am not deserving of anything, my good father.' Mr. Raymond had noticed that his daughter was more sedate and thoughtful of late, but he could not define the cause.

Lena held her father's hand until they reached the foot of the stairs. Then she pressed her lips to the cheek of each, and having seen them nicely ensconced in the carriage that was to convey them to the wharf, she ran hastily up the stairs, and passing into the drawing-room, threw herself upon the sofa, and burst into a violent flood of tears. She remained long in this attitude—then suddenly raising herself, and with a light beaming from her eyes, she exclaimed half audibly, 'I can accomplish it—yes—I will yet render *others happy!*' With this determination she seemed to receive an elasticity of spirit, which she had not known for a long time. Springing lightly from the sofa, she went hurriedly to her room, and after bathing her eyes, and arranging her hair, she went in search of her aunt, that she might tell her her newly formed resolutions, and ask her aid and guidance.

They are now seated in the library, and we will listen to Lena's recital of her budding hopes.

'Perhaps you have noticed that I have been more sad of late than usual, aunt? I have been depressed in spirits since Kittie returned from school. She is so well fitted to enjoy life—to make herself an ornament to society—and render others *happy*. And then her presence is so cheering to father, that I am constantly reminded of my own *wilful conduct*. I have wept bitterly over my follies. And now, dear aunt, I am determined to live no longer in the mere gratification of *self*. Mine has been a sad experience! I have these many long years sought only my own happiness. Now, my dear aunt, I come to you for advice and instruction, which I know you will most readily give me, for that approving smile looks cheering!'

You may well imagine her aunt's surprise and pleasure, as she listened to these words from Lena's own lips. She could hardly believe it a reality. Had her gay and frivolous niece at last awakened to a sense of her guilt? She whom she had almost despaired of—now seeking advice, and forming good resolutions! But she suppressed her surprise, and answered quietly, that she would be most happy to assist her. 'But what do you propose, my niece?' she continued.

'I have been thinking I would commence to do now, what my father so much desired years ago—that is, to *improve my mind*. I see clearly now the benefit of a well *disciplined mind*. I propose devoting several hours each day to study—and would like the benefit of your wise head, to plan for me.'

Her aunt kindly assented, and Mr. Raymond's large and valuable library was resorted to, and after a long time, an appropriate selection was made.

Chemistry, Philosophy, Histories and Travels, were placed upon the table for her immediate use—and the next day she commenced her studies, with a resolution to overcome all obstacles, and her aunt was ever ready with a willing heart, to render her assistance. At first, the task was difficult, for her mind had been so long accustomed to the exciting works of imagination, that it was hard for her to concentrate her thoughts, without the stimulus that a novel affords. However, when there is a full determination, difficulties bend at our will, and our way seems easier as we advance.

Lena was zealous and persevering, and her advancement was rapid, and she was surprised that she ever could have been so lavish of time. Experiments in Chemistry and Philosophy were tried. She made herself acquainted with the different places that her father and sister would visit; and the piano, which she had so sadly neglected, was practiced now with vigor. Her teachers had often told her she had a talent for music, and she needed only to apply herself in order to excel. She could accomplish this by steady practice, and she made *earnest efforts*.

One evening Lena laid aside her books, and exclaimed, 'I think I never was so happy in my life as now.'

'Why,' exclaimed her aunt, 'did you not find that degree of pleasure in pursuing your studies at school?'

'I think I derived pleasure from it when quite a little girl, but after I was old enough to take advanced studies, I was thinking so much of my *personal appearance*, and taking my debut in society, that study seemed an irksome task, imposed upon me, and I was constantly laying plans to dissuade father from keeping me at school three or four years longer as he designed. My lessons were never well learned—I was always complaining of hard lessons, and my inability to get them.—Then I feigned sickness whenever I could, that I might get excused from recitations. All this I thought of little consequence, as I had the name of attending a fashionable boarding-school. O, that I had *then* heeded your advice, my dear aunt!' and she was unable to proceed farther, for tears choked her utterance. And her aunt replied, '*Experience is sometimes a sad teacher!*'

Chapter 4.

We will now return to Judge Raymond and Kittie. They have spent nearly a year on the continent. Kittie has daily added to her stock of knowledge, and is now looking forward with pleasure to her return home. Lena has received news that they sail in a few days, and is wild with joy. She immediately writes to her husband to come also, for he has staid quite long enough for her to know how to appreciate him. Mr. Dermont was quite delighted at the unexpected reception of this letter, and he resolved to return home in the next steamer.

In the meantime, the steamer that Judge R. sailed in, arrived safely at N. York, much to the joy of Kittie. Although she had received flattering attention on the eastern continent, for her loftiness of mind and loveliness of character, had made her the brilliant star wherever she trod her foot, yet most gladly did she exchange the attention and encomium of strangers, for the love of those dear inmates of home.

They were received joyfully by Lena, who had long been watching for them.—As soon as Mr. R——— had embraced his daughter, he exclaimed merrily, 'What has wrought this wonderful change in you, Lena? Instead of growing one year older, as I supposed you would, you seem to have grown six years younger!' Lena cast a playful glance at her father, and replied that it would take a long time to tell the story!

In the evening as they assembled in the parlor, Mr. R., surprised at the intelligence exhibited on the part of Lena, and her fund of information respecting the different places they had visited, interrupted them in their interesting conversation, by telling Lena she must give him an account of herself, during his absence, for he was exceedingly anxious to know how long this interesting transformation had been taking place. Lena said smilingly, that she would be most happy to do so—and taking her seat by her father's side, she gave him a most minute account of the change in her feelings, and the studious manner in which she had spent her time. We can imagine the happiness of Judge R———, when he learned that his beloved daughter had abandoned the 'butterfly life of a pleasure seeking fashionist,' and was seeking to make herself a useful member of society. But ere he had recovered from the pleasurable sensation it produced, the door-bell rung, and in one moment more, Lena was locked in the embrace of her husband.—Their cup of happiness was filled to the brim. But it is unnecessary to mention the degree of happiness it afforded Mr. Dermont, at the joyful change in his beloved wife. Suffice it to say that it had a most invigorating influence upon his health and spirits.

They now returned to their home, to commence a new era in life. Lena now shone a most brilliant star in the precincts of home, instead of the ball-room, a most devoted and affectionate wife.

Kittie married a man of distinction and intelligence, and it is superfluous to say that she made a most lovely and desirable companion.

Lena's *reformation* of character, and now worthy conduct, cheered her father's heart, and lighted his descending pathway. His fond hopes and expectations, relative to his daughter were realized, and his remaining days were spent in peace and happiness.

Moral Tales.

ORIGINAL.

THE SISTERS.

BY PUSSY MACFIDE.

Chapter 1.

'O, I am so tired of a school-girl's life!' exclaimed Lena Raymond to her little sister, as she entered the drawing-room.

Kittie looked mildly at her sister, who reclined upon the sofa, playing carelessly with a tassel that hung from the crimson drapery. 'Why, Lena, how can you talk so, when papa wishes you to become such an intelligent and accomplished lady?'

'Nonsense, Kittie, you exasperate me! Have I not already been to school a long time? and my teachers pronounce me mistress of both dancing and music; French I can speak with ease, and that is more than one half of the young ladies do. Papa is always talking about *cultivating the mind,* until I'm heartily sick of it! You are the pet—he may do as he pleases with you—you love study, and will become his *beau ideal* of female character. But I detest study! and it's cruel to keep me imprisoned in a boarding-school, when I'm so fond of society. If papa would only allow me to finish next term! Then I shall be sixteen, a beautiful time to make my entrance into society. Will it not be charming? But, oh! dear, I know papa will not consent—he is so perfectly inexorable!' and with tears of vexation she hid her face in the velvet cushions.

Kittie looked at her sadly for a moment, then bounding lightly to her, and throwing aside her long ringlets, she laughingly kissed her, saying—'Ah! Lena, for shame! Do spare your tears until papa comes—and your fate is decided.' But her sister pettishly pushed her aside, and Kittie tripping gaily to the piano, commenced playing one of her soft, plaintive airs. And here I will leave her, endeavoring to soothe her sister's ruffled spirits, and pass to the first scenes of their life.

Their father, Judge Raymond, was a wealthy and influential citizen. Being bereft of an amiable and accomplished wife when his daughters were just in the early years of childhood, he confidently resigned Kittie, who was a rosy little cherub, to the care of a sister of his in the country. Lena, who was then at the age of six, he placed at a boarding-school, taking her out, usually, during the summer months, to pass the time with her sister, at her aunt's residence. But swiftly glides the sunny years of childhood, and Lena has now no claim to the 'little girl.' She had reached the age of sixteen, possessing that rareness of beauty and grace, that is seldom seen. The watchful eye of her father follows her progress with pride and admiration, forming many plans of expected happiness, when she shall have left school—a thoroughly accomplished lady. But his bright hopes were soon to be nipped in the bud! Lena's personal attractions made her the subject of universal admiration, and the *flattery* that was constantly breathed into her ears, by thoughtless school-girls, created in her a desire of display, and fondness for company, and soon she longed to pass from the boundaries of a school-girl's life, that she might move in a larger circle of admiration.

At the time our story opens, Lena was spending a few weeks' vacation at her father's mansion. It was nearly time for her return to school again, and not having declared her wishes to her father, in regard to leaving school, she was now laboring under fearful apprehensions of her father's stern disapprobation.

It is evening. The full light of the chandelier falls upon the father and daughter, as they are seated upon the sofa. The tearful eyes of Lena are raised pleadingly to her father, as she exclaims, 'Do, father, grant me this request.' Then her countenance suddenly changing—she added with a degree of sarcasm, 'I know it can do me no good to remain at school longer, when *I so perfectly hate study!*'

Mr. Raymond was surprised and grieved at this last remark. He looked at her silently for a moment, then gravely said, 'I had hoped better things of you, Lena. I had designed for you a thorough course of mental discipline, and I have hoped you loved the *acquirements* of *knowledge,* and that you would reach those high attainments of character, so befitting in woman. Nothing would gratify *me* more! Then I think it indispensable in every female, that she may be fitted to discharge those duties appropriately her own—that she may have greater strength of character, and secure greater influence in society. Too many of our young ladies are *weak minded* and *frivolous,* attending school merely because fashionable, acquiring a little *smattering* of everything, then entering a life of dissipation and idleness.' Lena was silent and sullen, and he continued affectionately.—'I think your ideas must be somewhat confused to-night, daughter. After a little time of reflection, I think you will coincide with me. I cannot give up my cherished idea of seeing you an *intelligent young lady.*' Then he said tenderly, patting her neck, 'I hope for brighter thoughts in the morning. Good night.'

Lena retired to her chamber and wept violently. 'How can I gain my point? father is so obdurate—then he ridicules the idea of such a thing,' she muttered to herself, as she lay her head upon her pillow. The next morning she arose with swollen eyes, and in an excited state of mind.

Judge Raymond, with his keen perception, saw that she was still bent upon the pursuance of her plan, and he looked troubled and anxious. However, he said nothing upon the subject, until the day appointed for her return to school; when meeting her in the hall, quite early in the morning, as she came in from a stroll in the garden, he drew her gently into his study, saying gaily, 'You look unusually fresh this morning. I think now you must be prepared to agree with father, upon the *important* subject, we have heretofore discussed; but I will allow *you* to decide in this matter, hoping you have weighed the subject deeply, and will act wisely.'

A shade overspread Lena's countenance—then it lighted up for a moment; but finally settled into a deeper gloom. There was apparently a struggle within—but the evil predominated, and she replied, 'I cannot adopt your mode of thinking, father. I have so set my heart upon entering society, that I should be perfectly unhappy to do otherwise. You can carry out your plans with Kittie, she will never tire of study. But I should die to be confined at school after this term!' A glance at her father assured her that she had filled his heart with anguish and sorrow, and she had half a mind to throw her arms about her father's neck, and tell him she would do just as it pleased him. But just then, such visions of gay parties and balls flashed through her mind, that she forbore, and her father replied solemnly,—'I hoped that you would have decided differently—and I now fear you will regret having taken such a step. Return to school, Lena, for three months—improve well your time, and if you yet decide to act according to your father's wishes, may Heaven smile on you.'

In the evening she left for the Seminary, filled with vain hopes of a bright career, after this term should close. However, she felt some remorse of conscience, but she tried to rid herself of the '*still small* voice' by soliloquizing—'Father need not have taken it so to heart—I only do as two thirds of the young ladies do. Everybody calls me beautiful! and father will lay aside his grumblings, when he sees me the reigning belle. Yes, he will be proud of me!' But alas! vain child of the world! how little did she know her father's heart—who sought not for her, beauty and admiration, but substantial treasures, that would bring with them *happiness.*

Chapter 2.

"Unseen, unheard, the rapid wheels of Time,
Pursue their noiseless, unobstructed round."

We will again introduce our readers into the elegant mansion of Judge Raymond. The rooms are brilliantly lighted, and guests are assembled. The first object of attraction is a young lady seated at the piano, impressing all with her rich tones, and soul-like music. We might easily discern in her face a resemblance to the *little Kittie* of earlier days; but having now passed from a '*merry, laughing* girl,' she has emerged into womanhood, carrying with her the same kind spirit, and unaffected grace of childhood. During the evening, Kittie was the centre of attraction. But it was not beauty that brought about her crowds of admirers. They saw something more substantial than merely a feast for the eye; it was the reflection of a pure and elevated mind, combined with female loveliness, that won their esteem and admiration.

The evening passed. The saloons were again vacated. Mr. Raymond now led the way to the drawing-room, followed by Kittie and Lena, to indulge in a little chat, as was their usual custom before retiring. But Lena was so sad and dejected, that in a few moments they separated for the night. Had we sought Lena, after she had bade her father and sister 'good-night,' we should have found her in tears—her heart filled with vain regrets, and sad relentings. But before we proceed farther, we will explain the cause of her grief.—The reader will remember her obstinate persistance in banishing study, and entering society in direct opposition to her father's wishes. And it proved as her father had feared. After her 'appearance out,' she became the reigning belle—many admirers 'followed in her train,' and alas! she fell a prey to their flattery, and became vain and self-conceited. Time was lavishly spent in preparations for balls and parties, and she was rapidly acquiring indolent habits, occasioned by loss of sleep, and excess of excitement. Judge Raymond brought books to his daughter, well calculated to entertain and instruct—but after a short perusal, they were carelessly thrown aside, and some exciting novel, loaned by one of her trifling companions, was eagerly read. Three years succeeding her debut, and her brilliant career was crowned by her nuptials. She was taken to a home of luxury and elegance, and launched forth with a splendid array of balls and parties. But alas! she knew not how to render *home* pleasant. She was not found the 'bright, presiding genius of home,' for she realized not her responsible duties as a wife.

Her husband, who had been captivated by her charms, saw *too late* her errors—but with ardent affection he would solicit her to spend an evening at home, for he urged that he had grown tired of this routine of pleasure, and would much prefer spending an evening in her society. But she only laughed at his *rusty notions,* as she called them, and persisted in the pursuance of her own course. Her household was sadly neglected, and her husband grew sorrowful and dejected, at her vanity and thoughtlessness. At the expiration of two years, unable longer to endure her heartless neglect, he sailed for California, hoping in this new world of excitement, to receive a balm for his crushed spirit. His large and splendid house was closed, and Lena, at the request of her father, returned to her home to remain during his absence. It was at this time that Kittie, having passed a thorough course of study, had left school—the *model of female character,* which her father had so much desired in Lena. She came to her home—to linger beneath her father's approving eye, and to fill his heart with joy, at the realizations of his most ardent desires, and most sanguine expectations. It was not until now, that Lena was aroused to the

consciousness of her guilt, in the pursuance of a course so entirely opposed to her father's wishes. The contrast of Kittie's delightful conduct with her own—the pleasure that she enjoyed, and the admiration she excited by her high attainments, caused her to reflect upon herself. She now saw her error. The unhappiness and misery she had caused her husband and father, filled her mind, and she half suspected the reason of her husband's sudden departure. It was *this*, that caused those tears of sorrow, as she sought her room, on the night of which we have previously spoken. She too, might have shed a halo of light and happiness around—and how bitter were her regrets!

(*To be Continued.*

LEARNING.: THE VACATION.
The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Nov 3, 1830; 4, 24; American Periodicals
pg. 95

LEARNING.

From the Children's Magazine.

THE VACATION.

"There! the last carriage has gone, and I am left alone!" said Caroline, as she turned from the school-room window, where she had been watching the departure of a number of her school-mates. The August holidays had just commenced, and every little girl at the large boarding-school where she was, had been sent for, to go home, but herself; and she had no friends or relatives who lived near enough for her to visit, her parents resided in one of the West India Islands. For several hours she wandered about the house, unable to do any-thing. The extreme stillness and loneliness of every room, seemed quite solemn to her, and she thought of the time when her little brother died, at home.

But these mournful feelings did not last very long. Caroline was a *sensible* child; she knew how to *think*: so she soon began to reason with herself on the foolishness of being idle and gloomy, when she might just as well read and work, as she was accustomed to do every day. At least she thought she would try it, and if it made her no happier, it would be time enough *then* to walk about the house. Moreover she remembered her dear absent parents—what a trial it was to them to send her so far from home to be educated, and how rejoiced they would be, if by being very industrious, she could get through all her studies in less time than they had allowed her, and be at home sooner. Accordingly, the day after all the girls had gone, when she had become somewhat accustomed to the quietness of the house, she sat down and made several good resolutions about the improvement of her time during the vacation. These resolutions were very strict indeed. They were made so purposely: for Caroline knew that there was no one to *oblige* her to study now; therefore she made her resolutions the more severe, that they might govern her the better. When they were all written she read them over, and felt that she never could keep them in her own strength, so she knelt down and prayed earnestly, that she might be enabled to be all that she would love to be, and to *do* all she ought to do.

At length September came. For several days the little girls were collecting from their different homes, and Caroline had another opportunity of observing her companions. Though she was sincerely glad to see them all returning, yet her feelings were almost as painful as when they went away; but the reason was very different: the cause of her sorrow now, was the great contrast she observed between the manners and appearance of her school-mates at the time of their departure and at the time of their return. The day they were dismissed, nothing was to be seen but little figures skipping and dancing about, and nothing was heard but loud, joyful voices, full of laughter and play. But *now* after a whole month's recreation, these same young ladies entered the school-room with slow steps and long faces, sat down mournfully at their desks, and some of them even began to cry as they turned over the leaves of their books. During the school hours, there was a great deal of whispering and very little study. These indulged children felt fit for nothing but to tell each other where they had been and what they had seen. One had been travelling with her parents, and had a great many adventures and escapes to relate. Another had been to the sea-shore, where there was a great deal of company, and had actually gone into the ocean to bathe. Another had been to Saratoga, and was giving a splendid description of the gaieties of the place, the elegant dress of the ladies, and the grand balls that were given; she had gone wherever her mother went; had danced very often; played on the piano; and, indeed, had done everything but open a book, and *that* she was determined not to do, it was too delightful to have no lessons to learn.

Their kind instructress overlooked the first day's negligence, for she knew it was no easy matter to apply the mind to study after having suffered it to be idle a long time; but that evening she drew them all round her, and advised them very affectionately to lose no time in renewing their interest in their studies, even if it cost a great deal of labour at first. She told them, that the longer they deferred it the more difficult it would be, and they had better begin the next morning with determined spirit. After this, she prayed with them.

The next morning, indeed, presented a different scene. Nothing but activity and industry prevailed throughout the room. The classes were arranged, and Caroline waited, with a beating heart, until her teacher should ascertain what progress *she* had made, for she was strongly in hopes of being promoted. And now came the happy moment when all the quiet industry and perseverance that she had exercised for four long, solitary weeks, were discovered and rewarded. Her teacher found on examination, that nothing had been left undone. Every study had been pursued with as much method and attention as if she had been in school, and though, of course, she had made less rapid progress alone than if she had been assisted, yet her improvement was very great, and she had gone through several books on different subjects. Even her music had not been neglected! She had become so perfect in many difficult pieces, as to please her master exceedingly: while the other children troubled him a great deal, from having forgotten even what they knew. All her companions looked with pleasure on Caroline, for she was a favourite among them, and they loved to hear her praised. There were few, who would not gladly have been in her place, even at the expense of a whole vacation spent in study. But this excellent example was not lost upon them: their diligence was redoubled, whenever they looked upon her pale but intelligent countenance and reflected that she had enjoyed no recreation all summer, and yet continued to improve every moment of her time with attentive industry: how much more industrious thought they, should *they* be.

As for Caroline, her happiness was sufficiently great, when she found herself placed in a higher class, though her duties were far more numerous. By persevering in her good resolutions, she made uncommon advancement in her education, which was thoroughly completed a long time before her parents had anticipated. She returned home sooner, and had the pleasure of being entrusted with the entire charge of her younger sister's education. Thus it appeared that a long vacation, which some children think cannot be spent *too indolently*, was made the means of far greater happiness and future improvement, than if jaunts of pleasure and idle hours had filled it up. ***

NARRATIVE.

THE VILLAGE BELLE.

From Village Tales, By Stacy G. Potts, Esq.

Doubtless many a pretty Miss expects, in this story to read of a career of glorious conquests; and her blue eyes brighten, and her little heart beats quicker at the thought of being one day, the heroine, herself, of some legendary proser; and of having her own victories recorded. Well, the desire to be loved may reign in an amiable bosom—may possess a kind and virtuous heart.—But power is dangerous, there are so many temptations to its abuse. These things I would have my fair readers remember as they go along with me, and it may be, we shall all be wiser, and therefore better, before we part.

If ever you should come to Alesbury, you will see a sweet little cottage in the meadows towards the river valley, half hid away amid a cluster of black alders, with its white chimney and snowy palings, peeping through the foliage; and they will tell you that Annett Merton once lived there, for all the villagers remember her. It was one of those terrestrial paradises which the sick heart, disgusted with the wrongs of men, so often pictures to itself—so often longs for. And she, Oh she was a beautiful creature; my heart, even now, beats quicker, as her image rises before me.

She was a gay, lively girl, with the polish of a summer in the city, and a good education; and whatever her talents might have been, she at least possessed the power of pleasing—the tact of winning hearts, in a most copious measure. I never could divine exactly how she did it; but there was a free, frank, friendly air about her that inspired confidence; and gifted thus, at all points, she played a most masterly game amongst the village beaus. Every body was glad to gallant her; was emulous which should pay her the most attention; and every young gentleman in the village, who could afford to spruce himself up a little once in twenty-four hours, paid her an afternoon or an evening visit.

It would have been amusing to one who went as a mere spectator, to have attended a Saturday evening levee at the Alder Cottage—amusing to see the address practised by the competitors for her smiles, in eliciting some distingnished mark of her favor. They gathered round her in the little parlor; and if she spoke, there was a strife as to who should most approve what she said; if she dropped her handkerchief, two or three heads came in contact in the general effort to restore it to her; and if she walked, they were happy who got by her side and all the rest were miserable. There were to be seen every variety of countenance, and every description of temper; and such a spectator might have been edified; though the principal impression made upon his mind, would probably have been, that courting under such circumstances, was a most particular foolish kind of a business.

But Annette sung "The moon had climbed the highest hill;" and told boarding-school stories; and talked eloquently about love and poetry, music and painting, was witty, sentimental, and good-natured; was invincible, always, absolutely always the conqueror. The young ladies of the village saw themselves undeservedly deserted; looked month after month on the success of their general rival; and prayed probably, if young ladies ever pray about such matters, that Annette might speedily make a choice among her worshippers, and leave them the remainder. It was a forlorn hope; she intended to do no such thing. She was the village belle; and the village belle she meant to be.

It so happens, however, that great beauties, like all other great folks, who have to take their common chances in the fortunes of humanity, sometimes, in the end, outwit themselves. In process of time, one and another, and again another, wedding took place in the village; the girls whose names were seldom spoken; whose modest pretensions and retiring habits were perfectly eclipsed by the brilliancy of the reigning star, secured their favorites, were wooed, and won, and married, and still Annette coquetted with all, and was still admired by all.

How many good offers she refused or slighted, were only recorded in her own memory. "Hope deferred," saith the proverb, "makes the heart sick." Those who were sincere in their addresses, gradually one after another, offered themselves, were rejected or put off, and fell into some easier road to matrimony. She was, at last left with courtiers as heartless, in love matters, as herself; who sought her company because she was agreeable; merely for their own amusement. Men never get to be too much of the bachelor for this. But time rolled on; and the grass at length began to grow in the path that led over the meadows to the cottage. Annette became alarmed at the symptoms, and seizing the last chance that was left, engaged herself to her only remaining beau. He was, at the time, about going to spend a season in the city. They were to be married on his return. She accepted him, not because she thought him the best of all her suitors, but because he was the only one left; and had always held himself at her service. Her part of the play was ended; she became domestic, sedate, and studied housewifery. "Surprise you why, sir?"

The time finally arrived; her old beau came back to the village; and a day or two after, strolled over to the cottage with his pipe, in appearance quite an antiquated man. But he said nothing about the subject of matrimony. Annette at last took the liberty of reminding him of his engagement. He stared, "Indeed, madam, you surprise me."

"Because," said he, "I never dreamed that you could be serious in such a thing as a matrimonial engagement, and, meeting with a good opportunity, I got married before I left the city."

Fortune had finished the game, and Annette was left to pay the forfeit. She never married, because she never had another chance. And her's is but the history common to hundreds of fair ladies, who trifling with the power that beauty gives them over the minds of men, sacrifice every thing at the shrine of ambition; and aim, only to enjoy the title, and the triumph, that lights for a little while the sphere of the Village Belle.

NARRATIVE.

From the New-England Review.

THE WIFE.

"You know, dear, I am a spoiled child, I must have my own way *this time*," said Mrs. Finlay, a beautiful bride, to her adoring husband.

Finlay was a young lawyer of fine talents just getting into extensive practice; it was necessary that he should remain in the city, but a stronger necessity was upon him, his cara-sposa would go into the country, to be present at the wedding of a friend.

"But, dearest, you know I have several important cases upon the docket, which are just about to be tried; my clients will be dissatisfied," said Finlay, in that tone of mild entreaty, which should find its instant way to a woman's heart.

"N'importe; let them go, you will have something besides clients to live upon, you know, one of these days."

There was much pride, little sense, and a great want of feeling in this speech. Mrs. Finlay's *expectations* all depended upon a kind indulgent father, during whose life time they could not be realised. Finlay felt it jar upon his heart strings and vibrate to the very core, but he excused it, or set it aside. "She is a beautiful *thoughtless* creature, she cannot be unfeeling."

To the country they went. "Well," thought Finlay, "I shall have exquisite pleasure, in pointing out to my Caroline, some favorite scenes; some striking views, which may have escaped her notice. *We must sometimes make sacrifices to those we love*; leaving town, after all, was a matter of little consequence."

The boat glided almost with the rapidity of light, over the smooth deep Hudson.

"Come upon deck, Caroline, we are nearing the Highlands, never did they look so splendidly."

It was the momentary glow of radiant coloring which a happy heart gives to nature, that at this moment rested so gloriously upon the picturesque Highlands.

"Come, Mrs. F—," said Finlay, carefully wrapping the shawl about the delicate form of his beautiful wife.

"Why George, I should think I had never been *up the river* before in my life," said Caroline, who was in the midst of an animated discussion upon the merits of their respective *milliners*. "I have seen the Highlands a thousand times; all that romantic stuff is out of fashion; quite outre; nobody talks of "the beauties of nature" now, but boarding school misses."

Thus repulsed, Finlay left her, and took his seat upon the deck with a sigh.

"Out of fashion," thought he, and his noble forehead was wrinkled with frowns, his proud lip curled, and a momentary flash illumined his dark eyes with unwonted fire. "Out of fashion! These towering, frowning palisadoes, this dark river, yonder rising moon!" He fell into a reverie, long and deep, for now he could not enjoy these things, *alone*. At the end of it, all the world's consoler Hope, whispered kindly; "*she* certainly has sensibility, her mind is plastic, I can mould it into any form, and make it a complete reflection of my own."

Conjugal affection is a delicate plant.—The first rude shake sometimes scatters its fair leaves to the four winds of heaven. If but one leaf be torn away, all the others are loosened. In poor Finlay's case, they followed one by one in rapid succession.

A few weeks in the country entirely dispelled the illusion which love had thrown around his idol—the celestial halo, which was only a hallucination of his own imagination, had departed forever. He had married a beautiful weak woman, with whom his refined mind could hold no communion.

Finlay returned to town an altered man. His high ambition had been sanctified in his own estimation, because it was not entirely a selfish feeling. In all his visions of success, his honors were to be laid at the feet of his Caroline.

He entered again upon his laborious employment; he was for a time entirely devoted to business, and lost all care and reflection in the close attention which he gave to his professional duties. But soon, he needed relaxation; some place to which he could resort, to spend a few hours *in pleasure*. Home did not afford it. The spoiled, heartless Caroline was engaged in an endless round of fashionable amusements. When at home, she was weary, vapid, peevish. She needed the excitement and admiration of a crowd to give her animation. It was not worth while to exert herself to please *one*, and he only her husband.

Thus driven from that home, which should have been the haven of rest and peace, Finlay fled to the society of the gay, dissipated young men.

Soon, his office and law books were forsaken. His clients' frequent knocks were unanswered; they became less and less frequent, and at length ceased entirely. They had lost their advocate, their counseller. He had rendered himself unworthy of their confidence. The highly gifted, ambitious Finlay had become a *drunkard*.

After a few years, Caroline returned to her father's house, because her husband was no longer able to support her; she returned a faded, disappointed, wretched woman. The viper sting of conscience, told her, that she had brought all her misery upon herself.

Why will not woman learn her own happiness? Can one whose every thought before marriage is selfishness, can she ever sacrifice her own interest and pleasure to the will of another? Yet, submission, a dignified, affectionate, submission on her part, will alone insure domestic comfort. Pride lifts herself in opposition to this doctrine, crying out "equal rights." But down with the rebellious spirit; her suggestions amounts to this:

"Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven."

Woman, too must be man's intellectual companion. Without this, domestic life becomes so dull, so insipid, that to a man of refined taste and cultivated understanding it is intolerable.

The weak idolatry of a fool is valueless and disgusting to a man of sense; but the affection of a high-minded, virtuous woman, is a discriminating intelligent, deep affection, which it is an honor to gain, and a pleasure to cherish.
